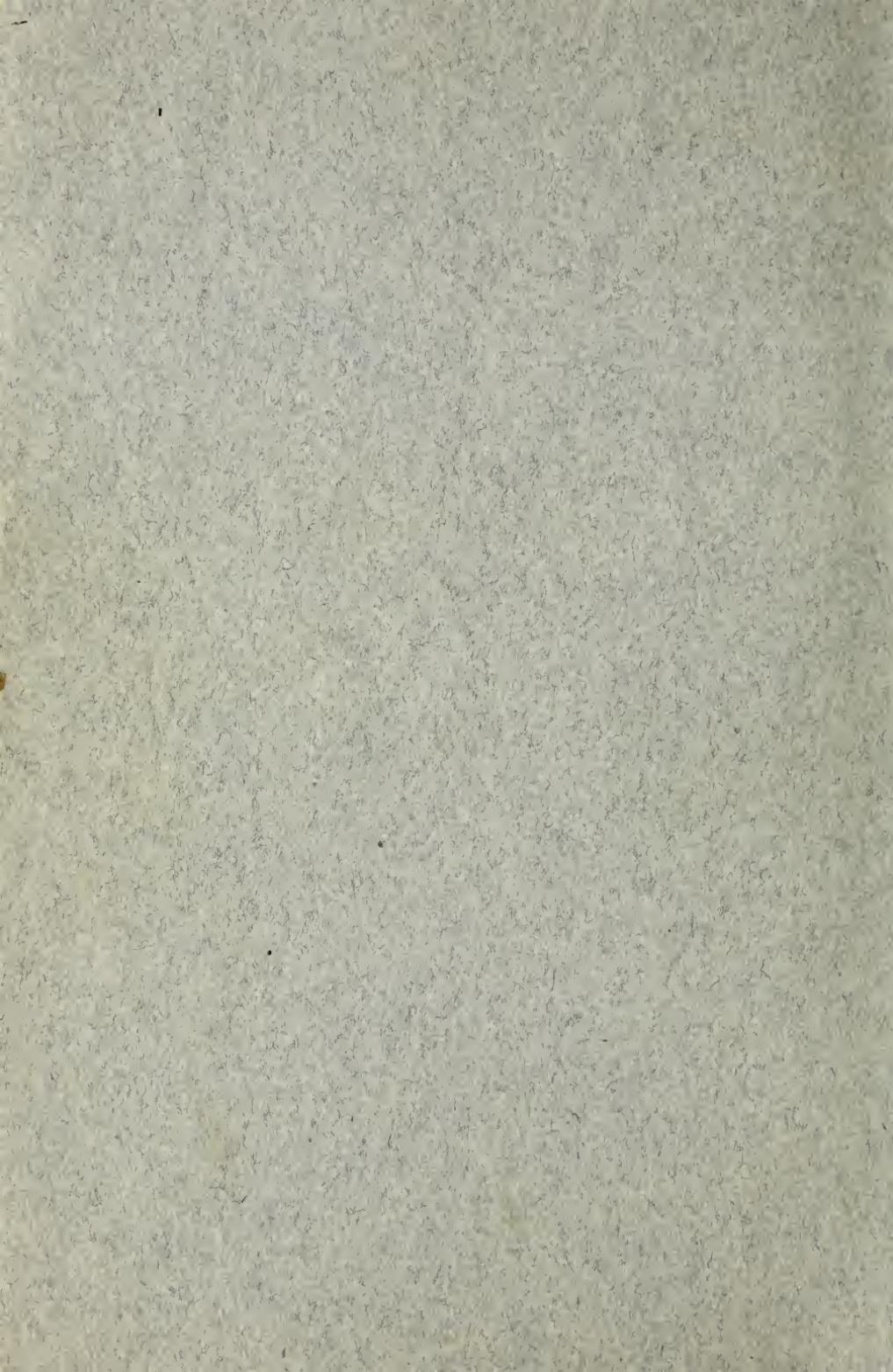


Songs of Service

FAIR-MACK CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
NEW YORK, N. Y.
CHICAGO, ILL.

1018-1020 ArchStreet
27 E. 22d Street
302 Wabash Avenue



SONGS OF SERVICE

For all Departments of Christian Work and Worship

Edited by
J. Lincoln Hall
C. Austin Miles
Adam Geibel

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J. LINCOLN HALL



C. AUSTIN MILES



ADAM GEIBEL
The eminent blind composer

*Yours in the
Ministry of
Gospel Song*

J. LINCOLN HALL

C. AUSTIN MILES

ADAM GEIBEL

Songs of Service.

I Belong to Jesus.

ADA BLENKHORN.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. To His dear voice I list-ened And to my Lord I came; He filled my heart with
2. My Saviour's yoke is ea - sy And His commands are sweet; My joy it is to
3. And when my heart is troub-led I come to Him for rest; He speaketh words of
4. When I shall reach the home-land My Saviour I shall see; For I be-long to

CHORUS.

mu - sic, Glad prais-es to His name.
fol - low The prints of His dear feet.
com - fort, While lean-ing on His breast. } His grace and lov - ing kind-ness, My
Je - sus, And He be - longs to me.

song shall ev - er be; For I be-long to Je - sus, And He be - longs to

me; For I be - long to Je - sus, And He be - longs to me.

No. 2. Bring Someone to Jesus Every Day.

IRVIN H. MACK.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Would you la - bor for the Master, Would you in his serv - ice be? Bring some-one to
2. Would you fill your life with gladness, And the joy of serv-ice know? Bring some one to
3. Would you stand among the ransom'd With the loy - al ones and true? Bring some-one to
4. Would you take this world for Je sus, Would you conquer in his name? Bring some-one to

Je - sus ev - 'ry day. Would you help this world be bet-ter, Oth-er lives from sin set free ?
Je - sus ev - 'ry day. Would you help to spread the gos-pel, And its bound-less mer-ey show ?
Je - sus ev - 'ry day. Would you meet the Lord's approval, Win the crown laid up for yon ?
Je - sus ev - 'ry day. Tell a broad his bie st sal-va-tion, 'Twas for this the Saviour came:

CHORUS.

Bring some-one to Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Some-one to Je - sus,

Some-one to Je - sus, Some-one to Je - sus ev - 'ry day; There is
ev - 'ry day;

something you should do, For he did so much for you, Bring some-one to Je - sus ev - 'ry day.

No. 3.

Work To-day.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Souls are dy - ing ev - 'ry - where, Is there a - ny - one to care?
 2. Work, and to the end en - dure, Work, and our re - ward is sure.
 3. When be-yond the gold - en west, Sinks the glow ing sun to rest,

Christians now a - wake! For the Master's sake Ev - er read - y be to do and dare.
 Tho' the dy be long, Wise the foe, and strong, In the care of God we stand se - cure.
 When our day shall close, Sweet is our re - pose, In the Master's work we've done our best.

CHORUS. UNISON.

PARTS.

{ Work, work, work! The Mas - ter needs us, ev - 'ry one,
 { Work, work, work! Re - mem - ber it is God who calls,

Has - ten then to-day; Lest we work and pray Ma-ny precious souls in sin may stay, So

While his earn - est mes - sage To his chil-dren falls Let us work, work, work!

No. 4.

Forward, All Rejoicing.

JAMES ROWE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. For-ward, all re - joic - ing, with the Sav - iour we will go; If we tru - ly
2. For-ward, all re - joic - ing, send-ing out the gos - pel light, Mak-ing sad ones
3. For-ward, all re - joic - ing, keep-ing pure and sweet with-in, Shunning world-ly

trust Him, we shall o - ver-come the foe; He will walk be - side us,
hap - py, mak - ing drear - y plac - es bright; Col - ors proud - ly show - ing,
pleas-ures, beat - ing back the hordes of sin; We will tell the sto - ry

cheer our hearts and guide us; Day by day, His bless - ing Je - sus will be - stow.
hearts with love o'er-flow - ing, For-ward, al - ways fight - ing for the truth and right.
of His love and glo - ry, Till, by lov - ing serv - ice, life's bright crown we win.

CHORUS.

On-ward, yes on-ward, We'll keep the cross be - fore us; For-ward, yes

On-ward, com-rades, on-ward, com-rades keep the cross be - fore us, com-rades, Forward, com-rades,

for-ward, We'll keep His ban-ner o'er us; Up - ward, yes up - ward, Un -

for-ward, com-rades, Keep His ban - net o'er us com-rades; Up - ward, com-rades, up - ward, com-rades,
soft copy's best.

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Forward, All Rejoicing.—Concluded.

til we sing the cho-rus, Till we sing the cho-rus In the hap-py world a-bove.
til we sing the chorus comrades.

No. 5.

A Child and Heir of God.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. O won - der - ful blood that can save me, O won - der - ful love that for -
2. O won - der - ful side, for us riv - en, O won - der - ful fore - taste of
3. O won - der - ful Spir - it of pow - er, O won - der - ful keep - ing each

gave me, O won - der - ful grace that would have me, A child and heir of God.
heav - en, O won - der - ful name God has giv - en, A child and heir of God.
hour, He saves me tho' storm clouds may low - er, A child and heir of God.

CHORUS.

O won - - - der - ful Lord, O won - - - der - ful
Won - der - ful, won - der - ful, won - der - ful Lord, Won - der - ful, won - der - ful,

blood, O won - der - ful grace that would have me, A child and heir of God.
won - der - ful blood.

No. 6. My Shepherd Leads Me All the Way.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. My Shep-herd leads me all the way, All the way, all the
 2. So close be-side Him will I keep, All the way, all the
 3. He leads in sor-row's bit-ter hour, All the way, all the
 4. His staff sup-ports me and His rod, All the way, all the
All the way,

way, And I can nev-er go a-stray, All the way,
 way, Through val-leys dark o'er mountains steep, All the way,
 way, He ev-er keeps me by His pow'r, All the way,
 way, I tread the path that once He trod, All the way,
all the way,

rit. CHORUS.

all the way. . . . My Shep-herd leads . . . me all the way, all the way,
Shep-herd leads me all the way,

roam,

And from His path . . . I ne'er shall roam, I ne'er shall roam, He safe-ly
From His path I ne'er shall roam,

rit.

leads me all the way, And sure-ly . . . shall reach my home.
Safe-ly leads me all the way, Sure-ly I shall reach my home, my home.

No. 7.

Someone Will Be Waiting.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I must lay this bod - y down and soar a - way, Where there waits for
 2. I must pass the val - ley dim to reach my home, Yet I'll walk still
 3. If it be my lot to lie in o - cean bed, Or where flow'r's be-
 4. When I press my will - ing feet up - on that strand, I shall find some

me a crown of end - less day; Past the pearl - y gates Where my mansion waits,
 close to Him whate'er may come; When the light I see Of my home to be,
 hold the sky far o - ver head: Still my joy shall be When my home I see,
 friends to greet with outstretched hand; Tho' their lov - ing smile Left me for a while,

CHORUS.

Some-one will be there to bid me "Wel-come home."
 Some-one will be there to bid me "Wel-come home."
 Some-one will be there to bid me "Wel-come home."
 They will be at hand to bid me "Wel-come home." } Someone will be wait-ing,
 for me,

Wait - ing, wait - ing, When I cross the bil - lows foam, When I
 for me, for me,

reach my heav'ly home; Someone will be wait-ing, For me, for me.
 for me,

No. 8. There's no Rock Like the Rock of Ages.

A. W. S.

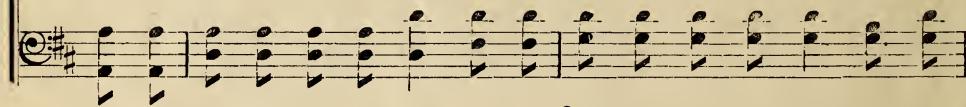
ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER.



1. There's no rock like the Rock of A - ges, In its cleft there is shel-ter for all;
2. There's no rock like the Rock of A - ges, It will stand when the hills pass a - way,
3. There's no rock like the Rock of A - ges, 'neath its shad-ow the wea-ry may rest,



There is ref-uge from the gale, It will nev - er, nev - er fail. There's no
Tho' sins bill-ows round it roll, There is safe - ty to the soul, There's no
Cares of life be all for - got, Fear of death dis - turbs you not, There's no



CHORUS.



rock like the Rock of A - ges. Bless - ed Rock, let me

Bless - ed Rock,



hide,(let me hide,) In the cleft (In the cleft) in thy side,(in thy side,) Bless - ed



Rock,(Blessed Rock) I will hide,(I will hide,) I will ev - er hide in Thee.



No. 9.

Be Like Jesus.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Be like Je-sus in the home when the tri- als come, And for all your la-bor
 2. Be like Je-sus in the world, it is watch-ing you, Be as true to self and
 3. Be like Je-sus all the time, pa-tient lov-ing, kind; For your path can nev'er

no one seems to care, Be like Je-sus, murmur not, and your care shall be for-got,
 God as you can be, And re-mem-ber as you go that the Je-sus you will show,
 lead to Cal-va-ry; There are cross-es to be borne, thorn-y crowns yet to be worn,

CHORUS.

If you take it all to God in pray'r. } I'll be like Him
 Is the on-ly one the world can see. }
 On-ly by His will are they for thee. } I'll be like Him

as I may, I'll be like Him ev-ry day,
 as I may, I'll be like Him ev-ry day,

Ev-ry mo-ment I'll be try-ing, More and more like Him to be.

No. 10.

Be Ye Reconciled.

A. A. PAYN.

W. G. STEPHENS.



1. As wand'ers far from home, with sad and tear - ful eyes Your vis - ion
 2. O turn from sin a - way, it is thy King's command; No lon - ger
 3. O be ye rec - on - cil'd and haste to high - er ground, Where rays of



oft is turn'd to where lies Par - a - dise. Your Saviour King's command no lon - ger
 spurn his call, no more his love withstand, No lon - ger a - liens be in drear and
 joy se - rene the mountain-tops sur-round, Where in the Fa-ther's smile su - per - nal



CHORUS.



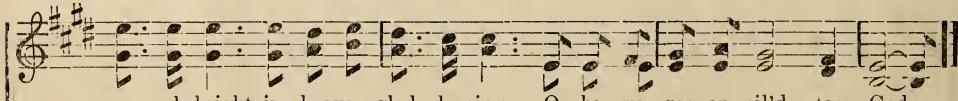
then de - spise, But be ye rec - on - cil'd to God. }
 bar - ren land, But be ye rec - on - cil'd to God. } Be rec - on - cil'd
 bliss is found, O be ye rec - on - cil'd to God. } be rec - on - cil'd



un - to your King, This is the message I would bring; A mes - sage
 un - to your King, glad I would bring.....



glad I would bring, yes, I would bring;



an - gels bright in heaven glad - ly sing, O be ye rec - on - cil'd to God.



No. 11.

When We Crown Our King.

JAMES ROWE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. When the strife is end - ed, And from deeps of night, All the race has ris - en, To the
2. When the strife is end - ed, And is heard the call: "Crown Him, nations, crown Him, Lord and
3. When the strife is end - ed, And the world is won, When we see the glo - ry, Of Je -

plains of light, Such a song of rap-ture, As is now un-known, Will as-cend to
King of all," O'er the plains of E - den, And the gold - en shore, There will ring an
ho-vah's Son, How our souls will praise Him, How our hearts will sing, To our might-y

CHORUS.

heav - en, And Je - ho - vah's throne. } When the strife is end - ed, And we
an-anthem, Nev - er heard be - fore. } Sav-iour—Our e - ter - nal King! } When the strife, the strife is end - ed, And we

crown our King, All the worlds to - geth- er, With His praise shall ring, With His
crown, we crown our King, our King,

praise shall ring, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! All the world shall sing.
praise, His praise shall ring, All the world shall sing, shall sing.

No. 12.

C. A. M.

Answer "Yes."

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. If the voice of God should come to you to-day, "Consecrate to me your all;"
2. By the still small voice your Maker speaks to you, Are you willing to obey?
3. Can you now with faith your all to him confide, Trusting in his grace alone?
4. Tho' you have dark hours in Gethsemane, And your eyes are filled with tears;

If he asked of you the treasures held so dear, Would you answer to his call?
Would you answer "Yes" and not a question ask If it be to go or stay?
Can you answer "Yes" if God requires of you Ev - ry com - fort you have known?
When in the way seems darkest light is sure to break; Trust in God and stay your fears.

CHORUS.

Answer "Yes" when he calls, For the Lord has work for you to do,
Answer "Yes" when he calls,

Answer "Yes" when he calls, And your serv - ice he will bless.

Answer "Yes" when he calls, will bless.

Answer "Yes" when he calls, And no mat - ter what he says to you,
Answer "Yes" when he calls,

Answer "Yes."—Concluded.

Do not fal - ter, hes - i-tate, nor ask him "Why?" But an - swer "Yes."

No. 13.

Praise His Dear Name.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. Tho' oft the cares of life dis-may, I'm in the service of Christ to stay;
2. What tho' the world may laugh and scorn, They crown'd my Savio[r] with eru - el thorns,
3. Tho' oft the coss is hard to bear, He all my burdens doth glad - ly share,
4. He gives his grace each pass - ing day, For all the tri als that cross my way,

To heav'n - ly man sions I'm on my way, Praise, O praise his name.
And by his grace I can stand the storm, Praise his ho - ly name.
And sends a bless-ing with ev - 'ry care, Praise, O praise his name.
And sweet - ly saves me day by day, Praise his ho - ly name.

CHORUS.

I care not what the world may say, I'm in the serv-ice of Christ to stay;
For Je - sus walks with me all the way, Praise, O praise his name.

Int'l copy't see'd.

No. 14.

Make My Heart Thy Throne.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

SOLO OR UNISON.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

No. 15.

C. A. M.

Good News!

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Don't you hear the tumult in the cit - y? For a mes-sen-ger has come nigh;
2. Would you hasten on the Master's kingdom? Speed the messenger on his way,
3. Ma - ny souls now live in ut - ter darkness, But they un - to our God be - long;

Let us cease our la - bors for a moment, While we hear the peo - ple cry:
Bid him tar - ry not, but on his jour - ney, Un - to all the na - tions say:
Who will bear the message where they sorrow While we sing love's sweetest song?

CHORUS.

Good news! Good news! Good news! Good news! A King has come to
Good news! Good news!

save the race, A Saviour comes to take the sinner's place; Good news! Good news! Good
Good news! Good news! Good news! Good news! Good news! Good news! Good

news! Good news! A Prince has come to lead us home; Good news! Good news!
news! Good news!

No. 16.

I've Found Him.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. My soul had long been seeking peace and rest, And to the depth of sor - row
 2. No more my soul would wander far a - way, For I am walk-ing dai - ly
 3. This fel - low-ship is blessed day and night, And years but make it stronger
 4. Some day my eyes shall o - pen; O glad day When I shall see that Sav-iour



had been brought; When Je - sus whis- per'd to me, "Peace, 'tis I!" I
 at his side. And when by sin I'm tempt - ed, lo! I turn, For
 as they move; And as I look a - bout me day by day,
 whom I love, With o - pen arms he'll greet me: hand in hand I'll



CHORUS.



knew that I had found the One I'd songht.
 close to him in safe - ty I a - bide. }
 ful - ly do I trust my Sav-iour's love. } I've found him, I've found him, the
 ev - er walk with him in realms a - bove.



Pearl of Great Price: The Hope of Im - mor-tal - i - ty, the King of Love. I've



found him, I've found him, no more to part Till I en - ter that heaven a - bove.
 heaven above.



No. 17.

He Careth For Me.

T. M. EASTWOOD.

ADAM GEIBEL.



1. My Fa - ther who paint - eth the lil - ies, And giv - eth them
 2. Who guid - eth the stars in their cours - es And feed - eth the
 3. The grace that I need he will prof - fer, My heav - i - est
 4. For - ev - er and ev - er I'll trust him, I'll trust, yes, I'll



beau - ty so rare, Who watch - es the fall of the spar - rows, Has
 birds of the air, Who cloth - eth the grass with its glo - ry, Will
 bur - den he'll bear, The God who sup - pli - eth the ra - vens, Will
 trust ev - 'ry - where, For I know I nev - er can wan - der, Be -



CHORUS.



made me the child of his care. } nev - er de - ny me his care. } fur - nish me dai - ly his care. } yond his dear love and his care. } He car - eth for me, He car - eth for me,



I know that he car - eth for me;..... In his word he de -
 for me;



clares, That my sor - row he shares, And car - eth, yes, car - eth for me.....
 for me.



No. 18. Just the Whispered Name of Jesus.

EFFIE STEVENS.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

Quite Slowly.

1. Just the whispered name of Je - sus Thrills my soul with deep- est love;
2. Just the whispered name of Je - sus Drives a - way de - sire to sin;
3. Just the whispered name of Je - sus Fills my heart with joy un - told,
4. Just the whispered name of Je - sus Makes me long to tell to all

Turns my thoughts from earthly pleasures To the ho - ly joys a - bove.
Gives me cour - age to bear brave - ly All life's bit - ter dis - ei - phine.
That some day his gra - cious pres - ence I shall cer - tain - ly be - hold.
How he saves, from sin and sor - row, Those who list - en to his call.

REFRAIN.

Just the whispered name Brings the peace of heaven near; Blessed, blessed name to hear!

pp (W. H. DOANE.)

The name of Je - sus. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of
Precious name, O how sweet!

earth and joy of heav'n; Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

No. 19.

How Firm a Foundation.

Dedicated to Calvary Methodist Episcopal Sunday School, Philadelphia, Pa.

G. KEITH.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy God, I will
 3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of sor - row shall
 4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not—I will not de-

ex - cel - lent word! What more can he say, than to you he hath said.—To
 still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up -
 not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy troub - le to bless, And
 sert to his foes; That soul—tho' all hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll

REFRAIN.

you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? held by my gracious, om - nip - o - tent hand. } How firm a foun -
 sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress. } How firm a foun - da - tion, ye
 nev - er - no, nev - er - no, nev - er for - sake!

da - tion, ye saints . . . of the Lord! . . . How firm a foun -
 saints of the Lord! How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord!

da - tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his ex - cel - lent word!

No. 20.

A New Name in Glory.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I was once a sin-ner, but I came Par-don to re-ceive from my Lord.
 2. I was hum-bly kneel-ing at the Cross Fearing naught but God's an-gry frown.
 3. In the Book 'tis written "Sav'd by Grace," O the joy that came to my soul.

This was free-ly giv-en, and I found That He al-ways kept His word,
 When the heavens o-pened and I saw That my name was writ-ten down.
 Now I am for-giv-en and I know By the blood I am made whole,

kept His word.

CHORUS.

There's a new name written down in glo-ry, And it's mine, O yes, it's mine!
 And it's mine, yes, it's mine!

And the white robed an-gels sing the sto-ry, "A sin-ner has come home,"
 has come home,

For there's a new name writ-ten down in Glo-ry, And it's mine, O yes, it's
 And it's mine,

A New Name in Glory.—Concluded.

mine! With my sins for - giv-en I am bound for heav-en, Nev - er-more to roam.
yes, it's mine!

No. 21.

Saved to Service.

L. S. L.

Animato.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. When Je - sus sweet - ly say'd me, He wash'd my sins a - way;
2. Now He's a - bid - ing with me, This pre - cious Friend di - vine;
3. Swift - ly the hours are pass - ing, Help me to win I pray;
4. Then when His voice shall call me, To lay my arm - or down;

I prom - ised I would love Him, Serve Him from day to day.
I have the blest as - sur - ance I'm His, and He is mine.
Bright jew - els for Thy king - dom, Ere clos - es life's short day.
May I se - cure for serv - ice, A bright and star - ry crown.

CHORUS.

Saved! saved! saved to serve the King, Oth-er lives to Him bring;
Yes, I'm saved, Oth-er lives to Him bring;

Saved! saved! saved to serve the King, Re-deem-ing love shall be my theme.
Yes, I'm saved!

No. 22.

Shining for Jesus.

C. H. D.

CHAS. H. DRISKELL.



1. Say! Is your light shining, my broth - er? Re - member the Master's com - mand:
 2. Say! Is your light shining, my broth - er? The world needs its bright cheering ray;
 3. Say! Is your light shining, my broth - er? Some wand'r'er is sure to be lost!



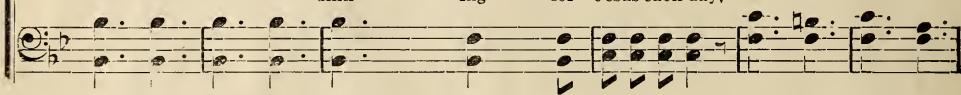
Let your light shine in the eyes of men, That they may your works under - stand.
 Thousands are groping in darkness drear, O save them while yet it is day.
 Will you not hast - en and light the way? Don't lin - ger to reck - on the cost!



CHORUS.



Shin - ing, shin - ing, shin-ing for Je - sus each day; . . . Shin - ing, shin - ing,
 shin - ing for Jesus each day;



send - ing the cheering ray, . . . Lead - ing oth - ers in - to the nar - row
 send - ing the cheering ray, in - to the



way: . . . Is your light shining, my broth - er, for Je - sus each day? . . .
 narrow way: . . . each day?



No. 23.

Look On the Fields.

JENNIE WILSON.

IRA B. WILSON.

1. Look on the fields where the har - vest is wait - ing, See how they reach in the
2. Hear how the Mas - ter for work - ers is call - ing, List to His voice as He
3. Will you not go in the wide field to la - bor? Will you not gath - er the
4. Look on the fields and no lon - ger de - lay - ing, Go where is wav - ing the

dis - tance a - way, Near and a - far they are read - y for reap - ing, Yet they are
earn - est - ly pleads, Free - ly He prom - is - es wa - ges a - bund - ant, Un - to the
ripe gold - en sheaves, Bring them to Je - sus and when e - ven com - eth, Gain the re -
boun - ti - ful grain, Has - ten to toil side by side with the faith - ful, Serv - ing the

CHORUS.

few who will la - bor to - day.
toil - ers whose serv - ice He needs. }
ward each true reap - er re - ceives. } Look on the fields, on the fields white for har - vest,
Mas - ter on hill - side and plain.

Look on the fields that are broad as the earth, Thrust in the sick - le, for

gar - ners e - ter - nal, And save the bright yield of un - speak - a - ble worth.

No. 24.

You and I.

FRANK L. ARNOLD.

G. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Shall we pass thro' the pearl-y gate, By and by; Re- ceive the crown that
 2. When we some day the cross lay down, By and by; Shall we re-ceive the
 3. Or shall we knock when door is shut, By and by; And hear Christ say "I
 4. A - cross the fields of heav'nly rest, By and by; We'll roam with friends for-

there a - waits You and I. O shall we walk the streets of gold, And Christ our
 gold-en crown You and I. Will we some day our Sav-iour see, And from earth's
 know thee not" You and I. Or shall the gates swing o - pen wide, And Christ say,
 ev - er blest, You and I. We'll sin no more! O bless-ed tho't, The weak-ness -

Sav - iour there be-hold, En - joy with Him, joy long fore-told, You and I.
 sor - rows be set free, And live thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty, You and I.
 "enter, with me a - bide, For you on Calv'ry's cross I died," You and I.
 er of earth for - got, How hap - py then will be our lot, You and I.

CHORUS.

You and I, By and by, Some day our Saviour we shall see, You and I,

You and I, By and by, Some day our Saviour we shall see, You and I.

No. 25. Is the Fire Still Burning in Your Soul?

A. W. S.

ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER.

1. When you sought for par-don and the bur-den rolled a-way, How the fire was
2. If you turn from Je-sus and for-get to watch and pray, Then the fire stops
3. There is pow'r for ev-er and a joy that can-not die, While the fire keeps

burn-ing in your soul, Then your heart grew light-er, and it's light-er ev-ry day,
burn-ing in your soul, You will know no com-fort, for the Spir-it can-not stay,
burn-ing in your soul, And you walk re-joic-ing to your home be-yond the sky,

CHORUS.

If the fire keeps burn-ing in your soul.
If the fire stops burn-ing in your soul. } Is the fire still burn-ing in your
If the fire keeps burn-ing in your soul.

soul? Is the fire still burn-ing in your soul? Are you walk-ing with the
in your soul?

Lord, Are you feed-ing on His word, Is the fire still burn-ing in your soul?

No. 26. The Mighty One From Edom.

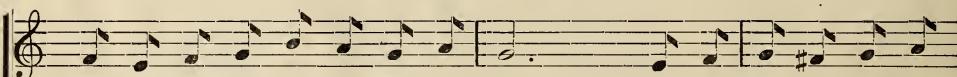
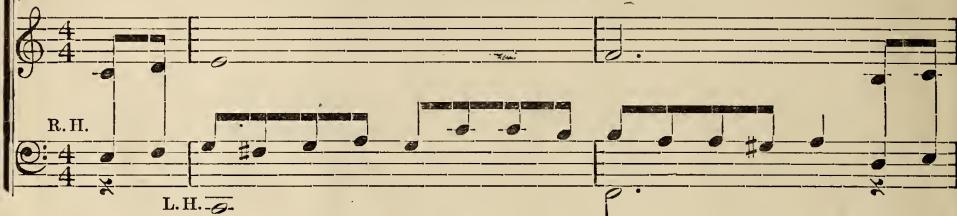
REV. JOHN D. C. HANNA.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

Slowly, with feeling.



1. I'm so wea - ry in life's struggle, and my strength is al - most gone, By my
2. In death's dark and lone - ly val - ley, with my loved ones oft I stand, As they
3. When my sins rise up be - fore me, like a mountain dread and vast, And in
4. When the work of life is o - ver and the end is drawing near, And I

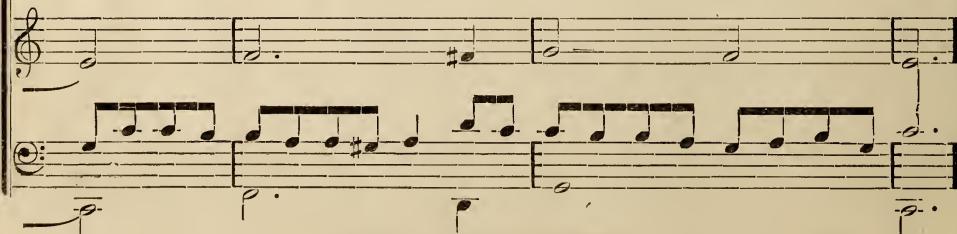


toils and dai - ly burdens I'm distressed;
pass be - yond my ken to yon - der shore;
ter - ror from God's presence I would flee;
en - ter death's dark riv - er all a - lone;

When my soul is crushed by
How I long once more to
When the wrath of God seems
As the mists grow thick a -



fail-ure and my body's faint and wan, Is there none to share my cross and give me rest?
see them in that bright and happy land And commune in sweetest friendship as of yore.
fall-ing, at my doom I stand aghast, Is there none to cleanse my heart and set me free?
round me, earth and loved ones disappear, Is there none can vanquish death and save his own?



The Mighty One From Edom.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

O the might-y One from E-dom, with his garments dyed in blood, Fought a-
lone, and conquered sin and death and hell; If you'll rest by faith up-on him and be
washed in Calv'ry's flood All the fears that mar thy comfort he'll dis-pel. *rit.* he will dispel.

No. 27.

W. S. SMITH.

Send Out Thy Light.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Send out thy light, the way is dark before me, The path thy love has moulded out for me;
2. Send out thy light, the clouds are dark above me, Gathered in tempest from the angry sea;
3. Send out thy light, and lead me, Father, lead me Beyond this darkness, sorrow and unrest;
4. Send out thy light, the night is creeping o'er me, The sun has settled in the golden west;

Send out thy light, that I may see thy footsteps. Calming the waters of life's restless sea.
Send out thy light, that I may see the storm-drops Which fall from the dear hand once pierced for me.
Send out thy light, and guide me, worn and weary, To the calm shelter of my Saviour's breast.
Send out thy light, O blessed Saviour, bring me In the glad morn to thy dear land of rest.

No. 28.

Christ Alone Can Satisfy.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.



1. When my heart is sore op- prest, When I long for peace and rest, On - ly
2. When I'm long-ing for a friend, One on whom I may de-pend, On - ly
3. Ev - 'ry thing I've ev - er tried, Al - ways left a dis - mal void, On - ly

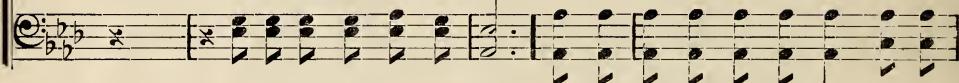


Christ . . . can sat-is - fy; He is all my heart doth need, He's my life, my all, indeed,
 Christ . . . can sat-is - fy; Clos-er than a brother, he To his own will always be,
 Christ . . . can sat-is - fy; What was gain I counted loss, When I saw my Saviour's cross,
 only Christ

CHORUS.



On - ly Christ . . . can sat - is - fy. Ev - 'ry day and ev - 'ry hour, On my
 on - ly Christ



Saviour's love and pow'r It is all my strength and comfort to re - ly; Thro' the



shade and thro' the shine, I may call the Saviour mine, Only Christ . . . can sat-is - fy.
 On-ly Christ can satisfy, can sat-is - fy.



No. 29.

Now the Work is Done.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Far from my Saviour I wandered, Weary, weary, Out in the wil-der-ness
 2. I will return to my Father, Saying, saying, "Speak un-to me while I'm
 3. Come un-to me, Ho-ly Spir-it, Sealing, sealing, Come and thyself be re-

drear-y, From my sins to hide; Still I could hear some one call-ing,
 pray-ing, Par-don now my sin. "Son, all thy sins are for-giv-en
 veal-ing, Quicken me with-in: Now, while before thee I'm kneeling,

Call-ing, call-ing, Je-sus it was, and un-to him for peace I cried.
 Free-ly, free-ly: Then opened wide his arms of love and took me in.
 Pleading, pleading, Come un-to me and now thy gracious work be-gin.

CHORUS.

Now the work is done, Yes, the work is done, One more soul in heaven shall find a place;
 For the work is done, Yes, the work is done: There is one more sinner saved by grace!

No. 30.

I'm Heir to a Mansion.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



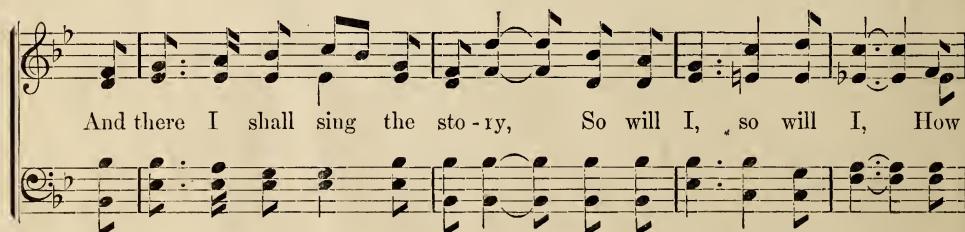
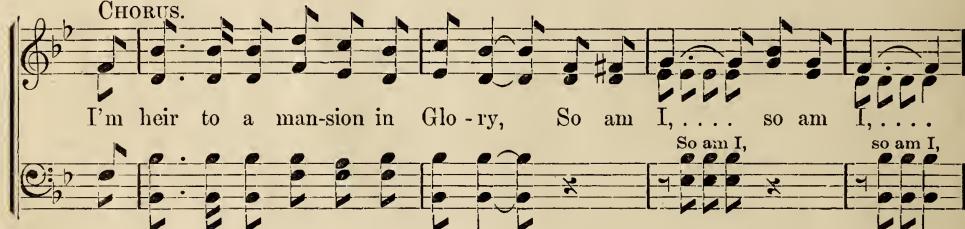
1. I'll life up my head and re - joic-ing I'll sing "No mor-tal so hap-py as I,
2. Tho' poy - er-ty fol-lows wher-ev - er I go, Thro' sor-rows my pathway may lie;
3. When all that is mor-tal to earth I re-sign, Re-strain ev-ry mur-mur-ing sigh,



For I've been redeem'd by the blood of a King, I'm heir to a mansion on high.
My Fa-ther has said it, I know it is so, I'm heir to a mansion on high.
The blessings of heav-en for ev - er are mine, I'm heir to a mansion on high.



CHORUS.



I'm Heir to a Mansion.—Concluded.

As heirs to a throne, we shall come to our own, By and by. By and by.

No. 31.

MARY BERNSTECKER.

For Me.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. From heav'n with all its glo - ry, To earth with all its shame;
 2. To cleanse my heart so wick - ed, From all its sin and dross;
 3. For me His hand was pierc - ed, For me His side was torn;
 4. To - day in you - der heav - en, He watch - es me, I know;

From joy to bit - ter sor - row, For me, my Sav - iour came.
 His pre - cious blood flowed free - ly, For me, He bore the cross.
 For me they placed up - on Him That eru - el crown of thorns.
 For me He's in - ter - ced - ing Be - cause He loves me so.

CHORUS.

For me, for me, for me, My Sav-iour died for me; Up - on the
 cross, they nailed them, Him, For me, Yes! it was for me, for me, for me, for me.

JAMES ROWE.

UNISON.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Hear our hap - py voic - es speed - ing o'er the plains,
 2. Hearts of pure de - vo - tion we have brought to - day,
 3. Till the foe be beat - en and the world be free,

Joy - ous praise to
 Sim - ple gifts of
 For our great Com -

God a - bove we sing;
 love from sol diers true;
 mand - er we will fight;

Tell - ing all the peo - ple that Je - ho - val reigns,
 Sure that he will send us hap - py on our way,
 Till both earth and heav-en ring with "Vic - to - ry!"

CHORUS.

Making known that Je-sus is our King.
 Sure that he will make us vic - tors too.
 We will no - bly bat - tle for the right.

} Christ for - ev - er! Christ for - ev - er!

This is what we sing a-long the way; (a-long the way;) Christ for - ev - er! Christ for -

ev - er! This is what we sing from day to day. from day to day.

No. 33.

Anything or Nothing.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

CHORUS.

No. 34.

The Sign of the Cross.

T. M. EASTWOOD.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There's a sign in which to con - quer All our en - e - mies and foes,
 2. In the com - ing day, the na - tions All will see this sign dis - play'd,
 3. Let us nev - er be dis - cour - aged As the years go roll - ing by,

1. There's a sign in which to con - quer All our en - e - mies and foes,
 2. In the com - ing day, the na - tions All will see this sign dis - play'd,
 3. Let us nev - er be dis - cour - aged As the years go roll - ing by,

And to crush in dread dis - as - ter, All the e - vils that op - pose.
 And the Lord's vic - to - rious ar - my In his pan - o - ply ar - ray'd.
 While the sign by which we con - quer, Is by us up - lift - ed high.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

If we lift it up with bold - ness, We shall nev - er suf - fer loss,
 If we fight be - neath his ban - ner, We shall nev - er suf - fer loss,
 We shall nev - er be de -feat - ed, If we count all else but dross,

PARTS.

ff ad lib.

For we can - not fail in bat - tle With the sign of the cross.
 For the sign with which we bat - tle Is the sign of the cross.
 For our faith will win the con - flict With the sign of the cross.

CHORUS.

With the sign of the cross, we will go Wher-so - ev - er we jour-ney be - low;
 we will go, here below.

The Sign of the Cross.—Concluded.

ff ad lib.

We will lift it on high, We will con-quer or die With the sign of the cross.

No. 35.

O Lift Up Jesus.

FRED. J. SHIELDS.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

3/4 time signature, key of G major.

1. O lift up Je - sus ev -'ry - where, Be - fore a world of grief and care,
2. O lift up Je - sus ev -'ry place, Be - hold the sor - row in his face,
3. O lift up Je - sus ev -'ry day, No mat - ter what the world may say;

3/4 time signature, key of G major.

For he a - lone its sin can bear, O lift him up to - day.
He died for us, he took our place, O lift him up to - day.
For he's the truth, the life, the way, O lift him up to - day.

3/4 time signature, key of G major.

CHORUS.

Rit.

3/4 time signature, key of G major.

O lift up Je - sus, he a - lone Can melt the sin - ner's heart of stone,

3/4 time signature, key of G major.

His blood can for all sin a - tone, O lift him up to - day.

3/4 time signature, key of G major.

No. 36.

My Elder Brother is the King.

C. A. M.

Slowly.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. This land thro' which I jour - ney, is beau - ti - ful to me, With
2. I've no con - tin - uing cit - y, though earth - ly homes are fair; I'm
3. I love these songs of Zi - on, I love her tem - ples fair, I
4. I'll glad - ly do my best in the serv - ice of the Lord, Or

ma - ny friends and loved ones at my side, But there's a heav'n - ly
wait - ing here un - til my King says "Come," Then quick - ly to my
love my Mak - er's prais - es here to sing, But there's a bet - ter
pa - tient go where pain my foot - step waits; I know that some glad

coun - try which now by faith I see, And there for ev - er I'll a - bide.
Sav - iour my soul shall an - gels bear, For where he is, there is my home.
coun - try, and I am go - ing there, My El - der Broth - er is the King.
morn - ing my El - der Broth - er's word, Shall o - pen wide the Cit - y gates.

CHORUS.

Then ask me not to stay here, While in my ears the homeland echoes ring,

For I'm a cit - i - zen of no mean coun - try, There my El - der Brother is the King.

No. 37.

Thine and Mine.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

KATE PAULINE ABBOTT.



1. Cleanse me, dear Lord, from ev'ry stain of sin, Thy blood alone can make me pure within;
2. Fill me, dear Lord, I cannot empty be, Take my poor self and give me all of thee;
3. Use me, dear Lord, the harvest standeth white, And I would glean one sheaf ere comes the night;



Thine is the sac - rifice, the gate of heav'n, And mine the golden key of sins forgiv'n.
 Thy loving spir - it in exchange for mine, My human weakness for thy pow'r divine.
 If cleansed and n - led and used, dear Lord, by thee, Then mine the joy and thine the glory be.



CHORUS.



Fill me, Lord; use me, Lord; Take my poor self, give me
 Fill me, fill me, fill me, Lord; use me, use me, use me, Lord;



all of thee! Then mine the joy, thine the glo - ry be. Fill me, Lord;
 Fill me, fill me, fill me, Lord;



use me, Lord; Give me thy spir - it by pow'r divine, Thine for mine.
 use me, use me, use me, Lord; for mine.



No. 38.

Somebody Needs You.

Lizzie DeArmond.

Adam Geibel.

GIRLS.

1. Some - bod - y needs the kind words you might speak,
 2. Some - bod - y needs the bright light of your smile,
 3. Some - bod - y's strug - gling with bur - dens of sin,

Stop for a
Some lone - ly
Tell him of

min - ute and give them to-day, Swift - ly the mo - ments are
 heart longs for com - fort and cheer, Give out the bless - ings of
 Je - sus, the Sav - iour di - vine, Some - bod - y's soul in His

speed - ing a - long, Once, on - ly once, will you pass o'er life's way.
 love as you go, Serv - ing with glad - ness the Mas - ter so dear.
 name you may save, Bright as the stars in your crown it will shine.

CHORUS. Unison.

Some - bod - y needs you, needs you to - day, Needs the sweet

rit. a tempo.

com - fort your heart can give, Some - bod - y needs you to

Somebody Needs You.—Concluded.

show them the Christ, Tell the sweet sto - ry that they too may live.

No. 39.

Why Not Say Yes To-Night?

EFFIE WELLS LOUCKS.
DUET.

LOUIS D. EICHORN.

1. O why not say Yes to the Sav-iour to-night? He's tender-ly pleading with thee
2. For with you the Spir-it will not al-ways plead,—O do not re-ject Him to - night!
3. Take Christ as your Saviour, then all shall be well, The mor-row let bring what it may;

To come to Him now with thy sin-burdened heart For pardon so full and so free. . . .
To - mor-row may bring you the darkness of death, Unbroken by heav-en-ly light. . . .
His love shall protect you, His Spir-it shall guide, And safely keep you in His way. . . . His way.

CHORUS.

Why not say Yes to to - night? . . . Why not? Why not? Why not?
Why not say Yes to the Sav-iour to-night? Say Yes! Say Yes! Say Yes!

Why not say Yes? Why not to-night?

While He so gen - tly, so ten-der - ly pleads? O ac-cept Him to-night!
ac - cept Him to-night!

No. 40.

Give all the Sunshine You Can.

BIRDIE BELL.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Clouds may dark-en the fair - est sky, Keep the song and for - get the sigh,
 2. Wear a face that will smile at grief, Bear no grudge, for the time is brief,
 3. Seat - ter brightness wher-e'er you go, Lift the souls by their sin laid low.

Gath - er joys as the days go by, Get all the sun-shine you can.
 Lives are ma - ny that need re - lief, Make all the sun-shine you can.
 Bind up hearts that are crush'd by woe, Give all the sun-shine you can.

CHORUS.

Sun - shine, sun - shine, ev - 'ry day, . . . Gath - er
 Try to gath - er sun - shine, gath - er sun - shine ev - 'ry, ev - 'ry day, Try to gath - er

sun - shine all a - long the way, Gath - er sun - shine
 sun - shine, gath - er all a - long the way, Try to gath - er sun - shine, gath - er

from God's love, Gath - er gold - en sun - shine from the land a - bove.
 sunshine from God's love, His love,

No. 41.

What Matter.

IDA L. REED.

SOPRANO AND TENOR.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. What mat-ter, what mat-ter, if dark is the way, Since Thou, Lord, art
2. What mat-ter, what mat-ter, a brief while at best, And we'mid heav'n's
3. What mat-ter, what mat-ter, the strug-gle all past, The tri-als all

with me each day; . . . To lead thro' the dark-ness, my strength to up-hold With
glo-ries shall rest; . . . Be-yond all life's tur-moil, be-yond the dark night, Safe
end-ed at last; . . . Tri-umphant we'll en-ter the gate-way of gold, The

CHORUS.

mer-ey and kindness un-told. } home'mid the mansions of light. } King in His beau-ty be-hold. } What mat-ter, what mat-ter, Tho' fal-ter-ing

feet Grow wea-ry, this tho't is so sweet, . . . Thou'rt near me, still

near me my soul to sus-tain, My ref-uge thro' all of life's pain. . . .

of life's pain.

No. 42.

Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Since I must fight, if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed through blood-y seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

CHORUS.

On the cross of Christ my Sav - - iour

On the cross of Christ my Sav - iour, on His bless - ed cross,

Where His blood was shed for me.

Where His pre - cious blood was shed for me, was shed for me,

I will rest my sins for - ev - - er,

I will rest my sins for - ev - er, there for - ev - er - more,

Am I a Soldier of the Cross.—Concluded.

Par - don gain so full and free. so full and free.

No. 43.

LAVINIA E. BRAUFF.

SOLO OR DUET.

I Know My Sheep.

FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.

1. On the high-way of sin I wan - dered Far a - way from the
2. For a mo - ment I paused to list - en, Just to know when the
3. In my weak-ness and need He found me Then my pen - i - tent
4. This good Shep-herd is dai - ly seek - ing Wand'ring sheep, just the

good Shep-herd's fold; And my err - ing heart oft - en pon - dered
good Shep-herd came; Just to hear His sweet voice at night - fall
sto - ry I told, And He drew me more close - ly to Him
same as of old; Should you meet Him at morn or mid - night,

CHORUS.

O'er the i - dols I then would be - hold; On the wings of love came this
Gen - tly call - ing His lost sheep by name; Near-er to my soul came this
As He car - ried me back to the fold; My faint soul He cheered with this
He will wel-come you in - to the fold: In His Word you'll find th's sweet

mes - sage di - vine, "I know my sheep, and am known of Mine."

The Victory Depends On You.

H. W. BUNTLEY.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. O the bat- tle cry is ring-ing, There's a triumph to be won, And our loy- al ban-ner
2. So we haste with hearts undaunted, And we'll win for God our land, For the foe with pow'r so
3. So we'll strive to save our nation, And our homes we'll seek to guard, From the sin and des-
o-



fling-ing On-ward till our warfare's done. O a joy - ful song shall cheer us, And our
vaunted Ne'er against us shall withstand. For the Lord of hosts shall hear us, And to
la - tion, That the land so oft have marred, And the hosts of sin shall fear us, For their



cour-age still re - new, For the vic - to - ry is near us, And it may depend on you!
him we'll e'er be true, O the vic - to - ry is near us, And it may depend on you!
strength we'll soon subdue, O the vic - to - ry is near us, And it may depend on you!



CHORUS.



O our foes shall ev - er fear us, And shall see our tri - umph, too,



For the vic - to - ry is near us, And it may de - pend on you!



No. 45.

He's Able and Willing.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

Parts.

1. A sin-ner more wretched than I, . . . There could not be; . . . Till Je-sus the
 2. His pow-er no lim-it can know, His grace is mine; His love He is
 3. He's a - ble and will-ing to go, . . . O'er mount-ains steep, Or down in the

might-y, came nigh, To set me free, I opened my heart to His call,
 will-ing to show, 'Tis love di - vine! His mer - cy is of-fer'd to day,
 val - ley so low, Or storm-y deep: It's will-ing His bidding to do,

His own to be, And when I sur - ren - der'd all, . . . My Lord saved me.
 So full, so free, He'll nev - er turn you a - way, . . . For He saved me.
 His own you'll be, I know He can keep you true, . . . For He keeps me.

Chorus.

He's a - ble and will-ing to save, A - ble . . . will - ing, . . .
 A - ble and will-ing, a - ble and will-ing,

He's a - ble and will-ing to save, For He saved me.

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No. 46.

The Day of Jubilee.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When earth and all its glo - ries from us shall pass a - way, Then
 2. A - round the throne of glo - ry with rai - ment white as snow, A
 3. They sing of sins for - giv - en, they sing of say - ing grace, They

heav - en's gate shall o - pen, and we shall see The ran-som'd souls tri -
 host no man can num - ber in rap - ture sing: Their souls are sa'd for -
 sing of par - don giv - en thro' Je - sus' blood: And as they sing, a -

umph - ant a - round the throne of God, And hear the song of ju - bi - lee.
 ev - er thro' Calv'ry's crim - son flow, And Calv'ry's Conqueror is their King,
 dor - ing they gaze up - on his face And cry, "be - hold the Lamb of God."

CHORUS.

There's a part in that chorus for you, There's a part in that cho - rus for me; And we'll
 for you,

sing God's praises as we nev - er sang be - fore, On the day of the great ju - bi - lee.

No. 47.

J. B. M.

He's the One.

J. B. MACKAY.

1. Is there an - y - one can help us, one who un - derstands our hearts, When the
 2. Is there an - y - one can help us, when the load is hard to bear, And we
 3. Is there an - y - one can help us, who can give a sin - per peace, When this
 4. Is there an - y - one can help us, when the evil is draw-ing near, Who will

thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sym - pa - thiz - es with us, who in
 faint and fall beneath it in a - lar - m; Who in ten - der ness will lift us, and the
 heart is burden'd down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of par - don that af -
 go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way be - fore us, and dis -

won - drous love im - parts Just the ver - y, ver - y blis - sing that we need?
 heavy - y bur - den share, And sup - port us with an ev - er - last - ing arm?
 fords a sweet re - lease, And whose blood can wash and make us white as snow?
 pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir - its safe - ly o'er the tide?

CHORUS.

Yes, there's One, on - ly One, The blessed, blessed Jesus, He's the One; When af -
 Yes, there's One, on - ly One,

flictions press the soul, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, He's the One.

No. 48.

Nobody Loves Like Jesus.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When I am bur-den'd with my grief, and lov - ing hands Has - ten to bear, or
2. When in my joy I'd glad-ly share the bliss I own, Will-ing-ly then I
3. No - bod - y loves as Je - sus loves, nor can I know How He can pa - tient

loose for me my sor - row's bands, Still I would flee to Him who on - ly seek to lay it at His throne, Whether in joy or grief I stand, I'm be with me while here be - low, But I shall un - der-stand it all when

CHORUS.

un - der - stands, So I would turn to look for Je-sus. } not a - lone, Al-ways I feel the touch of Je-sus. } I shall go, Where I shall al - ways be with Je-sus. } No-bod - y loves like

Je - sus, No - bod - y cares like He cares, What tho' my woe seem hard to bear,

He all its bur - den shares, O no - bod - y knows like Je - sus, How dark was

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Nobody Loves Like Jesus.—Concluded.

Musical score for 'Nobody Loves Like Jesus.—Concluded.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the bottom staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The music is in G major, with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: 'Geth-sem-a-ne; Tho' all a - lone, He's still my own and cares for me.'

No. 49.

C. H. D.

Some One is Waiting for You.

C. H. DRISKELL.

Musical score for 'Some One is Waiting for You.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the bottom staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The music is in G major, with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: '1. Up in that beau-ti - ful world a - bove, Some one is wait-ing for you, 2. Up in that beau-ti - ful land so bright, Some one is wait-ing for you, 3. Ma - ny dear friends that have gone be-fore, Wait-ing in heav-en for you, 4. Je - sus the Sav-iour is waiting for thee, Why do you lon - ger de - lay?'

Musical score for 'Some One is Waiting for You.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the bottom staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The music is in G major, with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: 'Where all is glad-ness and joy and love, Some one is wait-ing for you. Up in that cit - y where God is the light, Some one is wait-ing for you. Wait - ing to - day on that beau-ti - ful shore, Some one is wait-ing for you. Hear His sweet voice saying "Come unto Me," Je - sus will save you to - day.'

CHORUS.

Musical score for 'Some One is Waiting for You.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the bottom staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The music is in G major, with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: 'Some one is wait-ing for you, Some one who loves you so true,

Musical score for 'Some One is Waiting for You.' The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the bottom staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The music is in G major, with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are: 'Pa-tient-ly wait-ing to welcome you home, Some one is wait-ing for you. (for you.)'

No. 50.

Joy of the Soul.

HARRIET E. JONES.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There is glo-ry in my soul, Since the Saviour made me whole, And the brightness of His
2. I will tell to all a-round, What a Sav-iour I have found, I will ev-er-more His
3. I will praise Him while I live, Love, obey, and service give; Some sweet time He'll call me

presence fills the place; Like to that enjoyed a-bove, Is the sweetness of His love, Since He
wondrous love proclaim; For His blood is on my soul, And He holds me in control, Glo-ry,
to His home on high, Where with all the blood-wash'd throng, I will shout the glad new song, While the

CHORUS.

say'd me, sweetly say'd me by His grace. } There is glo-ry in my soul!
glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah to His name. }
ev-er bliss-ful years are roll-ing by. } glo-ry, there's glo-ry in my soul!

Since the Sav-iour made me whole; Light is shin-ing from a-bove, All a-
He touch'd and made me whole;

round me joy and love, Like the o-cean's bil-lows roll; There is glo-ry in my soul.
glo-ry in my soul.

No. 51.

Whisper His Name.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When I am wea-ry and life seems a - bur-den, When those I've trust-ed have
2. Go and tell oth-ers who long for His pres-ence, Know-ing not why they are
3. Bring naught to me of this earth and its pleasures, When I am breast-ing the

left me a - lone, Friend-less, for - sak - en by all earth can of - fer,
sad and dis - trest, Whis - per of Je - sus who bears ev - 'ry bur-den,
swift ris - ing tide, Speak not to me save of Him who re - deems me,

CHORUS.

Tell me of Je - sus who still is my own. } Whis - per of Je - sus who of - fers true rest. } Whis - per to me,
Whis - per to me, Whis - per to me, Whis - per to me, Whis - per to me, Whis - per to me,
Tell me of Je - sus for me cru - ei - fied. }

whis - per to me, Whis - per to me a - bout Je - sus, On - ly a

word of Je - sus my Lord, And the bur-dens are rolled a - way. . .

No. 52. Let the Heart Be Full of Sunshine.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

ALFRED JUDSON.

There's no room for an - y wor - ry, Not a place for need - less care.
 And each day seems glad - der, bet - ter, As the bright hours trip a - long.
 All a - long life's rug - ged path - way, In this low - er land of ours.
 Mak - ing oth - er lives the bright - er, As we jour - ney thro' the land.

CHORUS.

Sun - shine, sun - shine, sun - shine;

Sunshine, sunshine, sunshine, sunshine, Let the heart be full of sunshine, sunshine;

Sun - shine, sun - shine, o - ver - flow

Sunshine, sunshine, sunshine, sunshine, Let its ful - ness o - ver - flow, with sunshine,

Sun - shine, sun - shine, lav - ish hand;

Sunshine, sunshine, sunshine, sunshine, Scat - ter with a lav - ish hand, the sun-shine;

Let the Heart be Full of Sunshine.—Concluded.

Brighten sha-dy plac - es o - ver all the land,—God is glad to have it so.
have it so.

No. 53.

What Will the King Say?

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. What will the King say when I stand, Be - fore His throne at His com-mand;
2. E'en with a heart by sor - row riv'n, Weep-ing o'er sins still un - for - givin';
3. When at the throne I stand at last, Trembling, a - lone, with eyes down-east;
4. My Ad - vo-cate is there, and thine, And when He says with voice di - vine;

If I should come with emp - ty hand, What will the King say?
I should es - say to en - ter heav'n, What will the King say?
Hear - ing Him read my life just past, What will the King say?
"I have re-deem'd him, he is Mine," What will the King say?

CHORUS.

For a race well run shall He say "well done! En - ter in - to my joy to - day,"

Or with faint-ing heart shall I hear "de - part!" O what will the King say?

No. 54.

Transforming Power.

R. v. N. B. HERRELL. Chorus by H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. O the trans-form-ing pow'r of Je-sus' blood, From Cal - va - ry,.....
 2. O the re - fin-ing fire in Je-sus' name, Like Pen - te - cost,.....
 3. O the love pre - serv-ing full and free, Such vic - to - ry,

From Cal - va - ry; Comes down like a might - y rush - ing flood,
 Like Pen - te - cost; Comes down like a fire - y flash - ing flame,
 Such vic - to - ry; Comes down like a might - y roll - ing sea,

CHORUS.

With sav - ing grace for me.....
 With cleans - ing fire for me.....
 With keep - ing pow'r for me..... } O the trans-form-ing pow'r of the
 for me.

blood of the lamb, That is flow - ing from Cal - va - ry,..... 'Neath its
 Hal - le - lu - jah!

soul healing tide, I will ev - er a-bide - Hal - le - lu - jah, it cleans-es me.
 Hal - le - lu - jah!

No. 55. I Would Not Do Without Him.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. When the pow-er of e - vil is near, Then the smile of my Lord I see;
2. When the friendships of earth prove untrue, Still the love of my Lord I see;
3. Ev - 'ry blessing he sends I receive, And I praise him where'er I be;



In temp- ta-tion's dark hour he is near, And is al - ways keep - ing me.
And no mat - ter what oth - ers may do, He is al - ways lov - ing me.
It is joy to my soul to be - lieve He is al - ways bless - ing me.



CHORUS.



I could not do with-out him if I would, I would not do with-
if I would,



out him if I could; Since from sin he set me free, He is
if I could;



al - ways blessing me, And I would not do with-out him if I could.



No. 56.

The Lord is King.

MINNIE A. GREINER EDINGTON.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. From east to west we hear A joy-ous shout and clear, The Lord is King!
 2. The gen-tle winds re-peat In whis-per clear and sweet, The Lord is King!
 3. Where tropic verdure smiles, Where gleams the ice-bound isles, The Lord is King!

The hills and vales a-round Re-peat the joy-ful sound, The Lord is King!
 The riv-ers as they flow Sing e'er in mur-mur low, The Lord is King!
 And far and wide the strain, Resounds o'er mount and plain, The Lord is King!

CHORUS.

Loy - al - ly, Loy - al - ly, For our King be - lov - ed we will stand;
 we stand, we stand,

Loy - al - ly, Loy - al - ly, While our hymn of praise to him we sing.
 we stand, we stand,

Loy - al - ly, Loy - al - ly, We shall be a firm, u - nit - ed band;
 we stand, we stand,

The Lord is King.—Concluded.

While hills and vales a-round Re - peat the joy - ful sound, The Lord is King!
is King!

No. 57.

L. S. L.

Animato.

Pardoned.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. My heart is fill'd with such glad - ness, I'm hap - py all day long;
2. Tho' I am weak and un - wor - thy, His pow'r hath made me whole;
3. O what a won - der - ful Sav - iour, Now dwells with-in my heart;

My Lord for - gives my trans - gres - sions, And fills my soul with song.
And peace which flows like a riv - er, Sweeps o'er my par - doned soul.
He's such a pre - cious com - pan - ion, I ne'er from him will part.

CHORUS.

Par - doned, O won - der - ful sto - ry, Par - doned and free, praise his name!

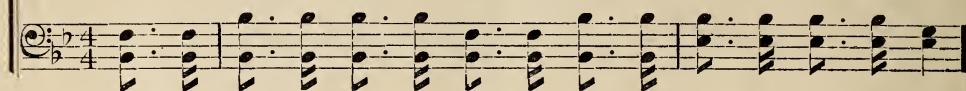
My sins his free grace has cov - ered, I'm pardoned thro' Je - sus' name.

No. 58.

A Promise From the King.

Mrs. J. M. HUNTER.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



CHORUS.



A Promise From the King.—Concluded.

trust - ing in His prom - ise He'll be with me all the way.
trust-ing day by day,
all the way.

No. 59.

I Enjoy My Religion.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Praise God I en - joy my re - lig - ion, It makes me so hap - py each day
2. Praise God I en - joy my re - lig - ion, Each day is like heav-en to me,
3. Praise God I en - joy my re - lig - ion, And noth-ing on earth can com - pare,

To know that each mo - ment I own it, I find new - er joy in the way.
I once was a bond slave to e - vil, To - day, by God's grace I am free.
With what I am find - ing in Je - sus, With pleasures and treasures I share.

CHORUS.

I en - joy my re - lig - ion, I en - joy my re - lig - ion, Since the
praise God, praise God,

Lord made me whole, Love is flood-ing soul, Praise God I en - joy my re - lig - ion.

No. 60.

Rev. W. H. VANDERHERCHEN.

Grace.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Thou God of a l grace, who hath pardon'd my sins, I long to be per-fect in love,
 2. Thou God of all grace, who is like un - to Thee, In tri - al and meekness and need,
 3. To whom shall I go bless-ed Lord but to Thee, The source from whence all blessings flow,
 4. My gra - cious Redeemer, my Lord and my God, Thy love for my soul has no end,

O strengthen and stablish and set - tle me now, Come quickly Thou Heaven - ly Dove.
 Thy strength is as-sured and Thy help is se-cured, Thy grace is suf - fi-cient in - deed.
 Work in me to will and work in me to do, Till all of Thy ful-ness I know.
 I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me, On Thee and Thy grace I de - pend.

CHORUS.

Grace, . . . grace, . . . That saves a poor sin - ner like me, (like me,)
 O it is won-der-ful won-der-ful grace,

Grace, grace, the grace of my God, It saves and it sat - is - fies me, (yes me.)
 Won-der-ful grace,

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No. 61.

JOHN FAWCETT.

Blest be the Tie that Binds.

H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'r's;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear,
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

Blest be the Tie that Binds.—Concluded.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics describe the fellowship and love between kindred minds, mentioning fears, hopes, and aims.

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 62.

O Love Like This.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics describe the love of Jesus at Calvary and the welcome it offers to all who come.

1. Go view the cross at Cal - va - ry, Where Je - sus died for you and me;
2. 'Twas in our place condemn'd He stood, The pure and spot - less Son of God;
3. His love will wel-come all who come, From far - off land to Fa-ther's home;
4. His love will lift from mir - y clay, Will place us on the Rock to stay,

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics describe the love of Jesus at Calvary and the welcome it offers to all who come.

See there love's o - ver - flow - ing tide, Come from His hands, His feet, His side.
By His own stripes He healed each wound—No love like this was ev - er found.
Will put a - way our ev - 'ry sin, Will cleanse our hearts and keep us clean.
When ev - 'ry - thing on earth shall fail, Will bear us safe with - in the vail.

CHORUS.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics describe the love of Jesus at Calvary and the welcome it offers to all who come.

O love like this was nev - er known The love that Je - sus Christ has shown,

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics describe the love of Jesus at Calvary and the welcome it offers to all who come.

The love that bro't Him from His throne To die for you, to die for me.

No. 63.

He is Able to Deliver.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

HERBERT J. LACEY.



1. In His strength be strong, tho' the way be long Tho' the danger press, love divine shall bless;
2. In His strength be strong, conquer sin and wrong, Tho' the foes assail, they can ne'er prevail,
3. In His strength be strong sing a gladsome song, For the caress shall roll from thy burden'd soul,



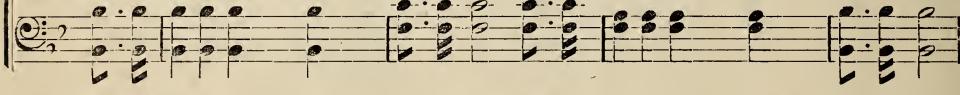
Tho' the clouds may low'r in the dark-est hour, Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.
Tho' the way be drear, yet thy Lord is near, Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.
And in sor - row's night, He shall give Thee light, Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.



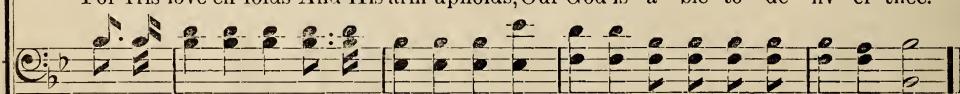
CHORUS.



He is a - ble to de - liv - er thee, He is a - ble to de - liv - er thee,
He is a - ble to de - liv - er thee, He is a - ble to de - liv - er thee,



For His love en-folds And His arm upholds, Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.



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No. 64.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va - ry, Say - iour di-vine! Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in-spire! As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be Thou my guide, Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour



My Faith Looks Up to Thee.—Concluded.

while I pray; Take all my guilt a-way; O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be—A liv-ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a-way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then in love, Fear and dis-trust re-move; O bear me safe a-bove—A ran-somed soul.

No. 65.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

All I Want is in Thee.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. All I want is the *love* of my Sav - iour, Shed a-broad in my glad heart to - day,
2. All I want is the *care* of my Sav - iour, I am safe when I know He is near,
3. All I want is the *grace* of my Sav - iour, 'Tis suf - fi - cient for ev - 'ry dark hour,

Like the sun at the brightness of noon-day, It shall drive ev - 'ry shad-ow a - way.
I have peace in His gra-cious pro-tec - tion, There is noth-ing my heart needs to fear.
Grace a-bundant has bro't me sal - va - tion, Grace I know will sup-ply me with pow'r.

CHORUS.

All I want . . . is in Thee, . . . And the source of all bless-ing Thy
All I want is in Thee,

love, All I want . . . is in Thee, . . . Till I reach my new mansion a - bove.
All I want is in Thee,

No. 66.

How He Loves You.

A. W. S.

ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER.

1. If I could on - ly lead you to the Sav - iour, You'd be hap - py, so would I;
 2. If you could on - ly know how much it grieves Him, When a soul is led a - stray;
 3. If you could on - ly feel just how He suf - fered, When He went to Cal - va - ry;
 4. If you could on - ly hear His gen - the plead-ing At the Father's throne a - bove;

If I could on - ly show you how He loves you, It was love that made Him die.
 I'm sure that you would follow where He lead - eth, In the blood-marked narrow way.
 I know that you would fly to Him for par - don, If you felt He died for thee.
 If you could on - ly see Him in - ter-ced - ing, You would give Him all your love.

CHORUS. *Repeat very softly.*

How He loves you! how He loves you! Won't you put your hand in His to - day?

Let Him save you! let Him save you! He will give you glad-ness all the way.

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No. 67.

Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

(St. Catherine.)

J. G. WALTON.

1. Faith of our fathers! liv - ing still In spite of dungeon, fire and sword; O how our hearts beat high with joy
 2. Our fathers, chained in prisous dark, Were still in heart and conscience free; How sweet would be their children's fate,
 3. Faith of our fathers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife; And preach thee, too, as love knows how,



Faith of Our Fathers.—Concluded.

Whene'er we hear that glorious word! Faith of our fathers! holy faith! We will be true to thee till death!
If they, like them, could die for thee! Faith of our fathers! holy faith! We will be true to thee till death!
By kindly words and virtuous life: Faith of our fathers! holy faith! We will be true to thee till death!

No. 68.

IRVIN H. MACK.

Joy in God's Service.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. I may not have of earth-ly store, E-nough to sat-is-fy;
2. I may not reach the planes of skill, Nor dwell in world-ly ease;
3. I may not know earth's pomp and pride, Nor count its pleas-ures mine;
4. Yes, I can feel God's pres-ence near. And have His dai-ly grace;

But I can read my title clear To man-sions in the sky.
But I can reach a par-a-dise, Where blessings nev-er cease.
But I do know a Sav-iour's love, And feel His pow'r di-vine.
Be thrilled or stilled as on I go, Till I be-hold His face.

CHORUS,

There is joy, joy, In the serv-ice of our Lord, There is joy, great joy;
There is joy, joy, great joy, there is joy,

As we journey on the way, Go re-joicing ev'ry day, There is joy, great joy.
joy, great joy, there is joy.

No. 69.

C. A. M.

Who Was It?

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Who was it, call-ing, while I was wand'ring In the dread-ful way of sin?
2. Who was it knock-ing, in love en-treat-ing, At the door of my poor heart?
3. Who now is keep-ing my soul from ter-ror, Thro' the rich-es of His grace?

Who was it, wait-ed, un - til I came, The fold to en - ter in.
 Who was it en-tered and bless-ing gave, That none else could im - part.
 Who is it prom-ised that I shall be, A vic - tor in life's race.

CHORUS.

'Twas the Sav - iour of sin-ners, who else could it be, Who reached down to me thro'

won-derful grace, I'll praise Him and love Him un-til I shall see Him Face to face.

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No. 70.

M. M. W.

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land.
2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near, Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear.
3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re - lease,
Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there.

D. C.—Whisp'ring soft - ly, "Wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.—Whis-per soft - ly, "Wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.—Whis-per soft - ly, "Wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.—Concluded.

D. C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

No. 71. More Fully Thine, Dear Saviour.

IDA L. REED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. More ful - ly Thine, dear Sav - iour, This all my pray'r shall be;
2. More ful - ly Thine, dear Sav - iour, O keep me faith - ful, true;
3. More ful - ly Thine, dear Sav - iour, O let me clos - er eling;

As day by day I serve Thee, Wher-e'er Thou call - est me.
When o'er me sweeps life's tem - pests, My fail - ing strength re - new.
To Thee thro' storm and shad - ow, What-e'er the days may bring.

CHORUS.

Thine, Thine, Thine would I be, Thine, Thine,
More ful - ly Thine, Thine, Thine,

Yielding to Thee; Thine, Thine, on - ly Thine, This all my pray'r shall be.

No. 72. My Mother is Praying for Me.

MAY AGNES OSGOOD.

Solo.

Rev. J. H. WEBER.

1. I knelt by my mother, her hand on my head, And uttered my pray'r at her knee;
2. In dark-ness and sin I have wandered a-way, Nor tried from temptation to flee,
3. I'm wea - ry of sinning, I turn to the cross, And its light shining o'er me I see;

Now far, far a-way from her side I have stray'd, But my mother is praying for me.
But down in my heart I could nev-er for - get, That my mother was praying for me.
I'll go to my Saviour and thank him a-gain, That a mother was praying for me.

CHORUS.

My moth-er is praying for me, (for me,) My moth-er is praying for me, (for me,)

For sure-ly I know, that wherever I go My mother is praying for me, (for me.)

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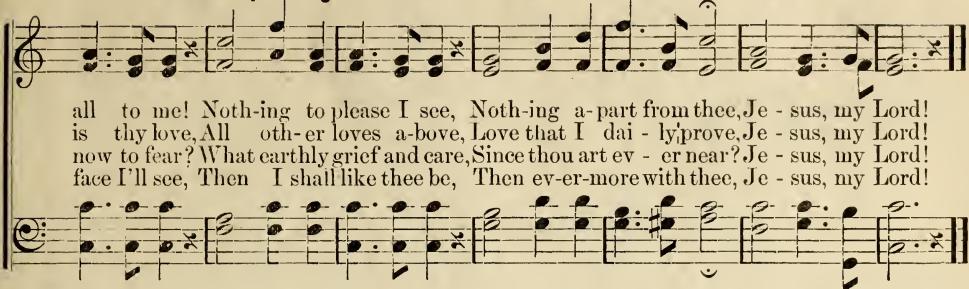
No. 73. Jesus, Thy Name I Love.

JAMES G. DECK.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, thy name I love. All oth - er names above, Je - sus, my Lord! Oh thou art
2. Thou, blessed Son of God, Hast bought me with thy blood, Je - sus, my Lord! Oh how great
3. When un - to thee I flee, Thou wilt my ref - uge be, Je - sus, my Lord! What need I
4. Soon thou wilt come again! I shall be hap - py then, Je - sus, my Lord! Then thine own

Jesus, Thy Name I Love.—Concluded.



all to me! Noth-ing to please I see, Noth-ing a-part from thee, Je - sus, my Lord!
is thy love, All oth-er loves a-bove, Love that I dai - ly prove, Je - sus, my Lord!
now to fear? What earthly grief and care, Since thou art ev - er near? Je - sus, my Lord!
face I'll see, Then I shall like thee be, Then ev-er-more with thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

No. 74.

Can a Boy Forget his Mother?

J. H. W.

(Dedicated to my friend Mrs. R. G. CHANDLER, Coldwater, Mich.)

Rev. J. H. WEBER.

A musical score for two voices and piano. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the bottom staff for the alto voice, and the right hand of the piano. The music consists of 16 measures. The lyrics are as follows:
1. Can a boy for - get his mother's pray'r, When he has wan-dered, God knows
2. Can a boy for - get his mother's face, Whose heart was kind and filled with
3. Can a boy for - get his mother's door, From which he wan-dered years be -
4. Can a boy for - get that she is dead, Tho' ma - ny years have passed and
where? It's down the path of death and shame But mother's pray'rs are heard the same!
grace? Her lov - ing voice it ech - oes sweet; She waits, she longs her boy to meet!
fore? With tears and sighs she said, "Good-bye, Meet me, my boy, be-yond the sky!"
fled? Those tears, that pray'r, that sweet "Good-bye," She waits to wel - come thee on high!

CHORUS.

A musical score for two voices and piano. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the bottom staff for the alto voice, and the right hand of the piano. The music consists of 16 measures. The lyrics are:
Come back, my boy, come back I say, And walk, yes, in thy moth-er's
way! Come back, my boy, come back, I say, And walk, yes, in thy mother's way.

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No. 75.

C. A. M.

The Cloud and Fire.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. As 'o'f old, when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil-der-ness to dwell.
2. To and fro, as a ship with-out a sail, Not a compass to guide them thro' the vale,
3. All the days of their wand'ring they were fed; To the land of the promise they were led;



Trust-ing they in their God to lead the way To the light of per-fect day.
 But the sign of their God was ev-er near, Thus their fainting hearts to cheer.
 By the hand of the Lord, in guid-ance sure, They were brought to Canaan's shore.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

So the sign of the fire by night, And the sign of the cloud by day,



Hov-ring o'er, just be-fore, As they jour-ney on their way,



Shall a guide and a lead-er be, Till the wil-der-ness be past,



The Cloud and Fire.—Concluded.

For the Lord our God in his own good time, Shall lead to the light at last.

No. 76. The Witness of the Spirit.

J. L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Christ is my por - tion for - ev - er, He is my Sav - iour from sin.
2. He is my fort - ress and tow - er, He is my guide and my King.
3. Praise to the One who re - deems me, Praise to my cru - ci - fied Lord.

He is my bless - ed sal - va - tion, I have the wit - ness with - in.
He is my Shep - herd my keep - er, Joy - ful - ly now I can sing.
Now I am saved, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise for the won - der - ful word.

CHORUS.

I have the wit - ness with - in. Je - sus now saves me from sin.
with-in from sin.

In his heart I've a place I am saved by his grace And I have the witness with-in.
with-in.

No. 77.

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

Not Saved.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Not saved, and so near to the kingdom of God, Not saved yet a hear-er of God's ho - ly
2. Not saved, but still clinging to that which is wrong, And drifting each day with earth's unholy
3. Not saved, when you might be an heir to a throne, Not saved, after all that the Fa-ther has
4. Not saved, when the Judgment each soul will arrest, And you before God shall be put to the

word, Not saved, knowing well of the pow'r in the blood, Not saved, and the summer is pass-ing. throng, A-way from the Lord unto whom you be-long, Not saved, and the summer is pass-ing. done, And Je - sus for you life e - ter - nal has won, Not saved, and the summer is pass-ing. test, Not saved, yet in sight of the heav-en - ly rest, Not saved, and the summer is end - ed.

CHORUS.

Not saved, and the harvest is pass-ing a-way, Not saved and the light nearly gone,

Not saved at the close of life's bright summer day, Not saved, near e-ter-ni - ty's dawn.

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No. 78.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

Footsteps of Jesus.

Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

S:

1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling, Come, fol-low me! And we see where Thy
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seeking His sheep; Or a - long by Si -
3. If they lead thro' the tem-ple ho - ly, Preach-ing the word; Or in homes of the
4. By and by, thro' the shin-ing por-tals, Turn-ing our feet, We shall walk, with the
5. Then at last when on high He sees us, Our jour-ney done, We shall rest where the

D.S.—We will fol - low the

Footsteps of Jesus.—Concluded.

FINE.

CHORUS.

D. S.

foot-prints falling, Lead us to Thee.
loam's fountains, Helping the weak.
poor and low-ly, Serv-ing the Lord.
glad immortals, Heav'n's golden street.
steps of Je-sus End at His throne.

Footprints of Je-sus, that make the pathway glow;

No. 79.

His Love is Over All.

ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER, D. D.

A. W. SPOONER.

1. How-ev-er dark the way may seem, Tho' storms my soul ap-pall, I'll trust in
2. When clouds a-rise, and sor-rows come, When night shall round me fall,—I'll keep my
3. The day shall dawn that knows no end, Death an-gels cease their call, The songs of
4. Then lift your eyes press brave-ly on, Trust God you can-not fall,—Soon you shall

CHORUS.

God with faith se-rene, His love is o-ver all. } His love
face turn'd t'wards my home, God's love is o-ver all. } His love
heav'n with harps shall blend, God's love is o-ver all. } His love, His wondrous love,
wear the vic-tor's crown, God's love is o-ver all.

is o-ver all, is o-ver all, His love is o-ver

all, is o-ver all, I'll trust in God with faith se-rene, His love is o-ver all.

No. 80.

MRS. C. H. M.

At the Battle's Front.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. I've en - list - ed for life in the ar - my of the Lord, Tho' the fight may be
 2. With the ban - ner of love and of ho - li - ness unfurled, Full sal - va - tion pro -
 3. Is your name, friend, enrolled with the loy - al ones and true? Will you dare now to

long and the struggle fierce and hard; With the armor of God and the Spirit's trusty sword, claim to a sin - ful, dying world; Tho' the darts thick and fast from the enemy be hurled, stand with the Saviour's faithful few? Will you join with me now and the covenant renew?

CHORUS.

At the front of the bat - tle you will find me. Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the
 Tramp! tramp! tramp!

army, The triumph shouting, the foe we're routing; Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the
 Tramp! tramp!

ar - my, Marching on to vic - to - ry! I'm in this ar - my, this glorious
 Tramp! tramp! tramp! Hal - le - lu - jah! Tramp! tramp! tramp!

At the Battle's Front.—Concluded.

ar - my, And the God of bat - tles will de - fend me, I'm in this
Tramp! tramp! tramp!

ar - my, this glo-ri-ous ar - my, At the front of the bat - tle you will find me.
Tramp! tramp! tramp! Tramp! tramp! tramp!

No. 81. How Happy Every Child of Grace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Arr. by J. WESLEY EWING.

1. How hap - py ev - 'ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for - giv'n! "This earth," he
2. O what a bless - ed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay, We more than
3. O would He more of heav'n be - stow, And let the ves - sels break, And let our

cries, "is not my place, I seek my place in heav'n,—A country far from mor - tal sight;
taste the heav'ly pow'rs, And an - te-date that day: We feel the res - ur - rec - tion near,
ransomed spir - its go To grasp the God we seek; In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,

Yet O, by faith I see The land of rest, the saints' delight, The heav'n prepar'd for me."
Our life in Christ conceal'd, And with His glorious presence here Our earthen vessels fill'd.
Who bought the sight for me; And shout and wonder at His grace Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty!

No. 82.

Somebody's Praying for You.

IDA L. REED.

DUET. *Slowly.*

C. AUSTIN MILES.

QUARTET.

1. Come to the Fa-ther, O wan-der-er come, Somebod-y's pray-ing for you,
2. God's voice is call-ing, O do not de-lay, Somebod-y's pray-ing for you,
3. Quench not the spir-it but yield from your heart, Somebod-y's pray-ing for you,

Turn from the sin-paths no lon-ger to roam Somebod-y's pray-ing for you.
 Bow at the mer-ey-seat, bend while you may Somebod-y's pray-ing for you.
 God waits His par-don, His peace to im-part Somebod-y's pray-ing for you.
 is pray-ing for you,

Somebod-y loves you wherev-er you stray, Bears you in faith to God day af-ter day;
 Somebody's wrestling in pray'r for your soul, Longing to see you made per-fect-ly whole;
 Kneel in your weakness confessing your sin Tho' they are many and dark tho' they've been;

Pray'r-ful-ly fol-lows you all the dark way, Somebod-y's pray-ing for you, for you.
 Down where the bil-lows of Cal-va-ry roll, Somebod-y's pray-ing for you, for you.

O - pen your heart let love's cleansing tide in, Somebod-y's pray-ing for you, for you.

CHORUS. ("For You I Am Praying.") *Very softly.*

For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray-ing for you.

No. 83.

Mother's Prayers are Answered.

FRANK A. DOTY.

SOLO OR DUET. *With much feeling.*

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Long years a - go, I heard my moth - er pray, To God that He would
 2. In Sa - tan's paths I wan - der'd ma - ny years, The pow'rs of dark - ness
 3. The voice of Je - sus gen - tly spoke to me, My sins be - fore me
 4. She's wait - ing for me in that home a - bove, The house of ma - ny

save her wand - ring boy, She oft - en told me in her lov - ing way,
 held me at their will, But moth-er's lov - ing plead-ings, pray'rs and tears,
 rose like mount - ains high, He whis-per'd to me "Son, give me thy heart,"
 man-sions o - ver there, While Je - sus sweet-ly keeps me in His love,—

CHORUS.

How that would bring her sweetest peace and joy.
 So true and gen - tle lin - ger'd with me still. }
 Till fall - ing at His feet He heard my cry.
 I'm go - ing home in an - swer to her pray'r. } Moth-er's pray'rs are answered I am

saved, Moth-er's pray'rs are an-swered, I am saved, When all lad - en down with
 I am saved, I am saved,

ad lib.

sin, Je - sus bro't me back to Him, Mother's pray'rs at last are answered, I am saved.

No. 84.

I've Anchored in Jesus.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Up - on life's boundless o - cean where mighty billows roll, I've fixed my hope in Je - sus, blest
2. He keeps my soul from e - vil and gives me blessed peace, His voice hath stilled the waters and
3. He is my Friend and Saviour, in him my anchor's cast, He drives a - way my sor - rows and

an - chor of my soul. When tri - als fierce as - sail me as storms are gath' ring o'er,
bid their tu - mult cease. My pi - lot and de - liv - 'rer to him I all con - fide,
shields me from the blast. By faith I'm look - ing up - ward be - yond life's troubled sea,

CHORUS.

I rest up - on his mer - cy and trust him more. }
For al - ways when I need him, he's at my side. } I've anchored in Je - sus, The
There I be - hold a ha - ven pre - par ed for me. }

storms of life I'll brave, I've anchored in Je - sus, I fear no wind or wave, I've

anchored in Je - sus, For he hath pow'r to save, I've anchored to the rock of a - sea.

No. 85. Let the Gospel Light Shine Out.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Standing, like a lighthouse, on the shores of time, Looking o'er the waves of
 2. There are human shipwrecks ly - ing all around; O what mor - al darkness
 3. Do not let the bush - el cov - er up your light, Keep your Lamp in or - der,
 4. Try to live for Je - sus till this life is o'er, For a-long this pathway

dark - ness, sin and crime, O - pen up your windows, there's a work sublime:
 ev - 'rywhere is found! Warn some oth - cr ves - sels off from dang'rous ground:
 trimmed and burning bright; Try to be a bless - ing, bright - en up the night:
 you will pass no more; Till he bids you welcome on the oth - er shore,

CHORUS.

Let the gos - pel light shine out..... Let the gos - pel light shine

out, Let the gos - pel light shine out; While your lamp is
 shine out, shine out;

burn - ing, keep the win - dows clean, Let the gos - pel light shine out.

No. 83.

Ah, 'tis the Old, Old Story.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

W.M. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ah, 'tis the old, old sto - ry, Tempted and led a - stray, Leav-ing the
 2. Robbing the heart of lightness, Los-ing the bloom of youth, Dimming the
 3. But in an oll, oll sto - ry, Full of a grace di - vine, There is a -

path of du - ty, Choos-ing the e - vil way; Break-ing the hearts of
 eyes' glad brightness, Still-ing the voice of truth; Miss-ing the pride of
 bau - dant par - dou, E - ven for sin like thine; Now, with a con - trite

moth-ers, Slighting the ferv- ent prayers, Sow-ing the seed which bringeth
 man-hood, Miss ing a no - ble aim, Gain-ing a shipwreck'd na-ture,
 spir - it, Turn from the ways of sin, Knock at the gate of heav-en,

poco rit. CHORUS.
 On - ly a wealth of tars. } Ah, 'tis the old, old sto - ry, Ah, 'tis the
 (Gain-ing a sul - lied name. } *Last chorus.*
 Entrance thy soul shall win. } Yes, 'tis the old, old sto - ry, Yes, 'tis the

old, old sto - ry, Ah, 'tis the old, old sto - ry, Tempted and led a - stray.
 old, old sto - ry, Yes, 'tis the old, old sto - ry, Full of a grace di - vine.

No. 87.

Anchored at Last.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. O so long was my bark toss'd a - bout on life's sea, But I've an-chor'd in
 2. Safe-ly moor'd to the Rock which no tem-pest can shake, I have an-chor'd in
 3. In the har - bor of faith there is safe-ty and rest, I have an-chor'd in
 4. Deeper grow-eth my peace as I'm near-ing the shore, I have an-chor'd in



Je-sus at last; And I heard a sweet voice gen-tly call-ing to me, And I've
 Je-sus at last; Tho' the bil-lows in fu - ry a - round me may break, I have
 Je-sus at last; And a deep set-tled peace now is fill-ing my breast, I have
 Je-sus at last; And by sim-ply be-liev - ing I'm safe ev - er-more, I have



CHORUS.



an-chor'd in Je-sus at last. At last! at last!

I've anchor'd in Je-sus, I've an-chor'd at last!



All my doubtings are o - ver, my strug-gling is past, And the load of my



sin at His feet I have cast, I have an-chor'd in Je - sus at last.
 at last.



No. 88.

L. E. J.

I'm the Lord's forever.

L. E. JONES.

1. I would sing of Je-sus and his good-ness day by day, I'm the
 2. He my soul is keep-ing so I have no need to fear, I'm the
 3. Tho' I walk in sun-shine or where shad-ows dark-ly fall, I'm the

Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name; All my sins for - giv - en, I an
 Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name; In the hour of tri - al, I shall
 Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name; With his arms to shield me, naught of

on the up - ward way, I'm the Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name.
 have his pres-ence near, I'm the Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name.
 e - vil can be - fall, I'm the Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name.

CHORUS.

I'm the Lord's for-ev-er, I'm the Lord's for-ev-er, I'm the Lord's for-ever, praise his name:

Mer-cy doth en-fold me, lov-ing arms uphold me, I'm the Lord's forever, praise his name.

No. 89.

L. S. L.

He Rescued Me.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. I was a sin-ner but now I'm free, He res-cued me, he res-cued me.
 2. Once I was wayward, a - far would stray, He res-cued me, he res-cued me.
 3. Once e - vil led me, but now God reigns, He res-cued me, he res-cued me.

Once I was blind but now I see, A brand from the burning, He res-cued me.
 Now I am on the "King's Highway," A brand from the burning, He res-cued me.
 Bro - ken for e'er are sin's dark chains, A brand from the burning, He res-cued me.

CHORUS.

He res-cued me, he res - cued me, A brand from the burning, He res- cued me,

O how I'll praise him thro' e-ter- ni - ty, A brand from the burning, He res-cued me.

No. 90.

I am On My Way to Heaven.

H. J. L.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. I am on my way to heav-en where the saints are robed in white, Shouting
 2. I am on my way to heav-en where the streets are pav'd with gold, Shouting
 3. I am on my way to heav-en, bless-ed land of pure de-light, Shouting
 4. I am on my way to heav-en where I'll see my Saviour's face, Shouting

glo-ry, shouting glo-ry! To that bless-ed land im-mor-tal where can
 glo-ry, shouting glo-ry! To the place of ma-nv mansions and of
 glo-ry, shouting glo-ry! Where the bless'dd of ev'-rv na-tion and for-
 glo-ry, shouting glo-ry! There I'll sing redemp-tion's sto-ry, bless-ed

Hal-le-lu-jah!

Hal-le-lu-jah!

CHORUS.

nev-er come the night, Shouting glo-ry all the way!
 glo-ries yet un-told, Shouting glo-ry all the way! }
 ev-er cloth'd in white, Shouting glo-ry all the way! }
 song of sav-ing grace, Shouting glo-ry all the way!

Hal-le-lujah!

all the way!

O glo-ry hal-le-

lu-jah! I am on the way to heaven, Shouting glo-ry, shouting glo-ry! O

Hal-le-lujah!

Hal-le-lujah!

glo-ry hal-le-lujah! I am on the way to heaven, Shouting glo-ry all the way!

Hal-le-lujah!

all the way!

No. 91. Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high his roy-al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The trumpet call o-be-y, Forth to the mighty
3. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Stand in his strength a-lone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The strife will not be long, This day the noise of

ban-ner, It must not suf-fer loss: From vic-t'ry un-to vic-t'ry His
con-flict, In this his glo-rious day; "Ye that are men now serve him" A-
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos-pel arm-or. Each
bat-tle, The next, the vic-tor's song: To him that o-ver-e-com-eth, A

arm-y shall he lead, Till ev'-ry foe is vanquish'd. And Christ is Lord in-deed.
against unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppose.
piece put on with pray'r; Where du-duty calls or dan-ger, Be nev'er want-ing there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo-ry Shall reign e-ter-nal-ly.

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Stand up stand up for Je-sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift

high his roy-al ban-ner, It must not, it must not suf-fer loss.

No. 92.

If Jesus Goes With Me.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. It may be in the val - ley, where countless dangers hide; It may be in the
 2. It may be I must car - ry the blessed word of life A-cross the burning
 3. But if it be my por - tion to bear my cross at home, While others bear their
 4. It is not mine to question the judgments of my Lord. It is but mine to



sun - shine that I, in peace, a - bide; But this one thing I know— if
 des - erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
 bur - dens be - yond the bil - low's foam, I'll prove my faith in him— con -
 fol - low the lead - ings of his Word; But if to go or stay, or



it be dark or fair, If Je - sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where!
 bear my col - ors there, If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where!
 fess his judgments fair And, if he stays with me, I'll stay an - y - where!
 whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav - iour, content an - y - where!

CHORUS.



If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go An - y - where! 'Tis heaven to me, Wher -
 I'll go



ever I may be, If he is there! I count it a priv - i - lege here . . . His
 His cross, his

If Jesus Goes With Me.—Concluded.

cross to bear; . . . If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go An-y-where!
cross his cr ss to bear;

No. 93.

E. E. HEWITT.

The Place called Calvary.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. O thou bleed-ing Lamb of God, Thou the path of death hast trod,
2. Flow-ing here the crimi-sion tide, Fount of bless-ing deep and wide,
3. O the eru-er pain he bore, When the crown of thorns he wore,
4. Come, oh, come, for he'll re-ceive All who on his name be-lieve;

Pour-ing out thy life for me, At the place called Cal-va-ry.
Sav-iour, wash a-way my sin, Bring thy cleans-ing pow'r with-in.
Sin-ner, come; for you and me, Je-sus died on Cal-va-ry.
Find sal-va-tion full and free, At the place called Cal-va-ry.

CHORUS.

Won-der-ful place called Cal - va - ry, Won-der-ful place called Cal - va - ry;
called Cal - va - ry. called Cal - va - ry.

Love, re - deem - ing love, I see, At the place called Cal - va - ry.

No. 94.

No One But Jesus.

H. L.

With tenderness.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. No one but Je-sus can hear my prayer, No one but Jesus my load can bear,
 2. No one but Je-sus my heart can cheer, No one but Jesus dis-pel my fear,
 3. No one but Je-sus can grace impart, No one but Jesus make woe de-part,
 4. No one but Je-sus could set me free, No one but Jesus could die for me,

No one but Je-sus my grief can share, No one can help me but Je-sus.
 No one but Je-sus is al-ways near, No one can help me but Je-sus.
 No one but Je-sus has won my heart, No one can help me but Je-sus.
 No one but Je-sus e-ter-nal-ly, No one can help me but Je-sus.

CHORUS. *p*

No one but Je-sus can comprehend, No one but Je-sus can com-fort send,

No one but Je-sus, for he's my friend, No one can help me but Je-sus.

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No. 95. I Have Made the Great Change.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN.

W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. I have made the great change, I have turned from my sins. And to-day they are under the blood;
 2. I have made the great change, from a rebel 'gainst God, I have chosen his soldier to be;
 3. I have made the great change, and to live for my King For-ev-er my business shall be;

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I Have Made the Great Change.—Concluded.

I have opened my heart, let Je-sus come in, He now is my Saviour and Lord.
All my fetters are loosed, the Spirit of pow'r Has made and is keeping me free.
And the lost in life's way to Jesus I'll bring, I'll serve till his glo-ry I see.

CHORUS.

I have made the great change, made the great change, "From idols I've turned unto God;" :|| The past is all under the blood.

No. 96.

A. W. S.

Send Me! Send Me!

ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER.

1. If the Lord should call for you, Should point to some work to do,
2. If the Lord should point to day To some field that is far a - way,
3. There is work for you to do: Loud and clear comes the call to you:
4. 'Tis the Mas-ter's voice you hear, Heed the call, never, nev - er fear;

Would your an - swer be, "Here am I, send me!" If the call should come to you?
Would your an - swer be, "Here am I, send me! To the field that's far a - way?"
Let your an - swer be, "Here am I, send me!" When the call comes clear to you.
If his face you see, you will cry, "Send me!" When his loving call you hear.

D.S.—Let your an - swer be, "Here am I, send me!" If the Lord should call for you.

CHORUS.

If the Lord should call for you, If the Lord should call for you,

The Home Gathering.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Here we all must part, Here the aching heart And the sorrow o'er and o'er must come;
 2. With a burdened mind We are worse than blind, For we can-not see the hand of God,
 3. Tho' we can-not tell If it's good or ill, We will trust whate'er to us may come,

But be-yond the skies, Joy-ful souls shall rise When the loved ones are gathered home.
 So we pray for sight, For we dread the night As we walk where the saints have trod.
 For we know our Lord, And be-lieve his word, And we know he will take us home.

CHORUS.

At the great home gath-er-ing I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there,
 So will I, So will I, So will I,

At the great home gathering I'll be there And I'll nev-er, say "good bye."
 So will I, nev-er say "good bye."

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Now I feel the Sacred fire.

No. 98.

Old Melody.

1. { Now I feel the sa-cred fire, Kindling, flaming, glowing,
 Higher, still and ris-ing higher, All my soul o'er-flowing;
 2. { Now I am from bondage freed, Ev -'ry bond is riv-en;
 Je - sus makes me free in-deed, Just as free as heav-en;
 3. { Let the tes - ti - mo-ny roll, Roll thro' ev'-ry na-tion;
 Wit-ness-ing from soul to soul, This immense sal-va-tion,

{ Life immortal I receive,—
 'Tis a glorious lib-er-ty—
 Now I know it's full and free;

Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.—Concluded.

Oh, the wondrous sto - ry! I was dead, but now I live, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!
 Oh, the wondrous sto - ry! I was bound, but now I'm free, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!
 Oh, the wondrous sto - ry! For I feel it sav - ing me, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!

4 Glory be to God on high,
 Glory be to Jesus!
 He hath brought salvation nigh,
 From all sin he frees us.
 Let the golden harps of God
 Bring the wondrous story;
 Let the pilgrim shout aloud,
 Glory! glory! glory!

5 Let the trump of jubilee,
 The glad tidings thunder;
 Jesus sets the captives free;
 Bursts then bonds asunder;
 Fetter break and dungeons fall,
 Oh, the wondrous story!
 This salvation's free to all,
 Glory! glory! glory!

No. 6.

Nothing Matters.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Clouds may hover o - ver me, and hide my view, Sin may seek in me its e - vil work to do;
2. There is naught that stands between my Lord and me For my sins are hid - den now in Lov - e's great sea;
3. Such a love as Jesus gives shall conquer fear, Such a hope as he bestows shall dry each tear;
4. Tho' I try to love him as I really ought, All my love before his cross must seem as naught;

E - ven try to con-quer me, but nev - er will, While I trust my Sav - iour still.
 While the bil - lows cov - er them from mor-tal eyes, Heav - en-ward my song shall rise.
 Won-der-ful it is that such a thing should be, But the King of heav'n loves me.
 Thro' the tears I'm al-ways pray-ing o'er and o'er, "Teach me, Lord, to love thee more."

CHORUS.

For noth-ing real - ly mat-ters if the Lord loves me, And he does, O yes! he

And he does,

does, No! noth-ing real - ly mat-ters if the Lord loves me, And he does, he does.

No. 100. No Burdens Allowed to Pass Through.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I'm wea - ry of bearing my bur - den, But hope as my way I pur - sue,
 2. I've en - tered dark valleys un - daunted, To take up my burden a - new,
 3. My hand to my Saviour I've giv - en, To do what he asks me to do;
 4. And then with the souls of the ransomed The journey comple - ed I'll view,

ritard.

I'll come to that gate where 'tis writ - ten, "No burdens allowed to pass through."
 And look for the gate where 'tis writ - ten, "No burdens allowed to pass through."
 Con - tent till he leads where 'tis writ - ten, "No burdens allowed to pass through."
 With joy having pass'd where 'tis writ - ten, "No burdens allowed to pass through."

CHORUS.

If sor - row or pain be my por - tion, To Je - sus I'll ev - er be true,

ritard.

Till I reach the fair gate where 'tis written, "No burdens allowed to pass through."

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No. 101.

The Hallowed Spot.

REV. WM. HUNTER, D. D.

OLD MELODY.

Fine.

As:

1. { There is a spot to me more dear Than na - tive vale or mountain; }
 { A spot for which af - fection's tear Springs grateful from its fountain. }
 2. { Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long toss'd up - on the o - cean: }
 { A - bove me was the thunder's roar, Be -neath the wave's commo - tion. }

D.S.—where I first my Sav - iour found, And felt my sins for - giv - en.
D.S.—that dark hour how did my groan As -cend for years of er - ror.

The Hallowed Spot.—Concluded.

D.S.

'Tis not where kin-dred souls a-bound, Tho' that is al-most heav-en, But
Dark-ly the pall of night was thrown A-round me, faint with ter-ror; I-

3 Sinking and panting as for breath
I knew not help was near me;
I cried, "O save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me;"
Then quick as thought I felt him niae,
My Saviour stood beside me;
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted, "Glory, glory."

4 O sacred heart! O hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot
My heart shall linger round thee.
And when from earth I rise, to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes no more,
Where I was first forgiven.

No. 102. What the Lord Has Done.

An experience of a devout Christian while lying in the hospital as the result of an accident.

A. A. PAYN.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. When you are tempted to com-plain, Just think what the Lord has done for you; He
2. O do not yield to i-dle fears, Nor say that your blessings are so few; They're
3. You may not al ways un-der-stand Just why cer-tain paths you must pur-sue; And

FINE.

saves you by his grace, Gives you peace in ev'-ry place, Just think what the Lord has done for you.
countless ev'-ry day, So for com-fort on the way Just think what the Lord has done for you.
tho' it lead thro' pain Raise your eyes to heav'n again, And think what the Lord has done for you.

D.S.—mat ter where you go, and no mat-ter what you do, Just think what the Lord has done for you.

CHORUS.

D.S.

O praise ye the Lord for sav-ing grace, And look for his will in ev'-ry place, No

sav-ing grace,

No. 103.

I Love Him.

LONDON HYMN BOOK.

S. C. FOSTER.

1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms, Now, thro' the blood, I'm
 2. Once I was lost, and way down deep in sin, Once was a slave to
 3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but

saved from all a-larms; Down at the cross my heart is bending low, The
 pas-sions fierce with-in; Once was a-fraid to meet an an-gry God, But
 now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live To

D.S.—cause he first loved me And

Fine. CHORUS.

D.S.

precious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
 now I'm cleansed from ev'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood. } I love him, I love him Be-
 tell the world around the peace that he doth give.

purchased my sal-va-tion on Cal-va-ry.

No. 104.

What Did He Do?

W. OWEN.

1. O list-en to our wondrous sto-ry, Once we dwelt among the lost; Yet, Je-sus
 2. No angel could our place have taken, Highest of the high tho' he; He nailed un-
 3. Will you surren-der to this Saviour, Now before him humbly bow? You, too, shall

CHORUS.

came from heaven's glory Us to save at aw-ful cost! } to the cross, forsaken, Was One of the God-head Three! } Who sav'd us from eternal loss?
 come to know his fav-or, He will save and save you now! } Who

What Did He Do?—Concluded.

A musical score for a solo and chorus. The top staff is for the solo voice (soprano) in G major, 2/4 time. The bottom staff is for the piano in G major, 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "What did he do? Where is he now? In heaven in-ter - ced - ing! but God's Son upon the cross? He died for you! Believe it thou, In".

but God's Son upon the cross? He died for you! Believe it thou, In

The Cross Is Not Greater.

B. B.

COM. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

A musical score for a solo and chorus. The top staff is for the solo voice (soprano) in G major, 2/4 time. The bottom staff is for the piano in G major, 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "1. The cross that he gave may be heav - y, But it ne'er outweighs his grace, 2. The thorns in my path are not sharp - er Than composed his crown for me, 3. The light of his love shin-eth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe, 4. His will I have joy in ful - fill - ing, As I'm waik - ing in his sight,"

1. The cross that he gave may be heav - y, But it ne'er outweighs his grace,
2. The thorns in my path are not sharp - er Than composed his crown for me,
3. The light of his love shin-eth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful - fill - ing, As I'm waik - ing in his sight,

A musical score for a solo and chorus. The top staff is for the solo voice (soprano) in G major, 2/4 time. The bottom staff is for the piano in G major, 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes his face. The cup that I drink not more bit - ter Than he drank in Gethsem - a - ne. The toil of my work grow - eth light - er, As I stoop to raise the low. My all to the blood I am bring - ing, It a - lone can keep me right."

CHORUS.

A musical score for a solo and chorus. The top staff is for the solo voice (soprano) in G major, 2/4 time. The bottom staff is for the piano in G major, 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "The cross is not greater than his grace, The storm cannot hide his blessed fa - ce;

A musical score for a solo and chorus. The top staff is for the solo voice (soprano) in G major, 2/4 time. The bottom staff is for the piano in G major, 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "I am sat - is - fied to know That with Jesus here below, I can conquer ev - 'ry foe.

I am sat - is - fied to know That with Jesus here below, I can conquer ev - 'ry foe.

No. 106.

E. E. HEWITT.

Ship Ahoy!

W. A. POST.



1. We're sail-ing, sail-ing o-ver life's great sea, And oth-er ships are passing by;
2. Lift up the beacon that shall guide the lost U-n-to the ha-ven bright and fair;
3. We're sail-ing, sail-ing o-ver life's great sea, And not a-lone our way we take;



The might-y Saviour shall our Captain be, His star is shin-ing in the sky.
 O help the wand'ring and the tempest-tossed, That peace and shelter they may share.
 For oth-ers, sailing, look to you and me! O help them for the Master's sake!



But while in safe-ty we may glide a-long, Led by the Light that nev-er fails,
 O bring the shipwrecked to the Life-boat true, Our refuge in the wild-est storm;
 The po-lar star of mer-ey shines a-bove, Our anchor holds for-ev-er more;



O hear the cry that ris-es full and strong From those who struggle with the gales.
 Sing out with gladness and with hope a-new, Our Captain will his word perform.
 And dear ones wait, with joyful songs of love, To greet us on the gold-en shore.



CHORUS.



{ Ship a-hoy! Hear the cry! "God save them," we fervently pray! :||
 { Ship a-hoy! Hear the cry! O haste to the res-cue to-day!

Ship ahoy! Hear the cry!

Hear the cry! Haste to-day!



No. 107.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

I Know He's Mine.

B. FRANK BUTTS.



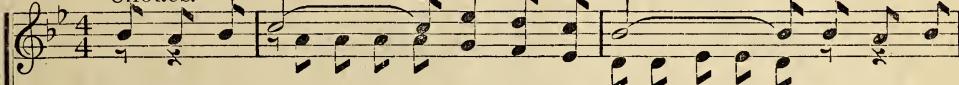
1. There's One a - bove all earth - ly friends Whose love all earth - ly love transcends.
2. He's mine be-cause he died for me, He saved my soul he set me free;
3. He's mine be-cause he's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will we part;
4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo - ry shall be - hold,



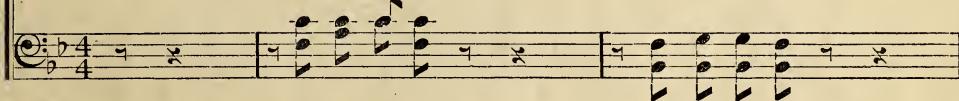
It is my Lord and Christ di - vine, My Lord be-cause I know he's mine.
 With joy I wor - ship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."
 Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.
 Then, while his arms a - round me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."



CHORUS.



I know he's mine, this friend so dear, He lives with
 I know he's mine, this friend so dear,



me. he's ev - er near; Ten thousand charms,
 He lives with me, he's ev - er near; Ten thousand charms,



a-round him shine, And, best of all, I know he's mine.
 a-round him shine,



No. 108.

J. BORTHWICK.

God Calling Yet.

JOHN.

Not too fast.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
 2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise?
 3. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond-age live?
 4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay;

Shall life's swift pass-ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
 And base-ly His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
 I wait, but He does not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart a-wake!
 Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God hath reach'd my heart.

CHORUS.

God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet, Heed His pleading voice, God is call-ing yet,
 God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet, Heed His pleading voice, God is call-ing yet,
 God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet, Sin-ner, hear His plead-ing voice.

No. 109.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Consecration.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. My bod-y, soul and spir-it, Je-sus, I give to Thee, A con-se-crat-ed
 2. O Je-sus, might-y Sav-iour, I trust in Thy great name, I look for Thy sal-
 3. O let the fire, de-scend-ing Just now up-on my soul, Consume my hum-ble
 4. I'm Thine, O blessed Je-sus; Wash'd by Thy precious blood, Now seal me by Thy

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Consecration.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

off - 'ring Thine ev - er-more to be.
va - tion, Thy prom-ise now I claim.
off - 'ring, And cleanse and make me whole. } My all is on the al - tar, I'm
Spir - it, A sac - ri - fice to God.

wait-ing for the fire; Wait-ing, waiting, waiting, I'm wait-ing for the fire.

No. 110.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur - chased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign, My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

INVITATION.

No. 112.

J. W. V.

Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.

1. Sometime we'll stand be - fore the judgment bar, The quick, the ris - en dead;
 2. I'll then re - ceive a bright and star - ry crown, As on - ly God can give;
 3. Then we shall meet to nev - er part a - gain; Our toil will then be o'er;

The Lord will then make known the rec - ord there; Our names will all be read.
 And when I've been with him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live.
 We'll lay our bur - dens down at Je - sus' feet, And rest for - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

I'll be present when the roll is called, Pure and spotless thro' the crimson flood;

I will an - swer when they call my name; Saved thro' Je - sus' blood.

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No. 111.

FABER.

He is Calling.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy Like the wideness of the sea; } lib - er - ty.
 { There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than }
 2. { There is welcome for the sinner, And more graces for the good; } in his blood.
 { There is mer - cy with the Saviour; There is healing..... }

He is Calling.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to Thee.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of God's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of the Lord.

No. 113.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

He Waits for Thee.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. He waits for thee with wondrous grace, Di-vine com-pas-sion in His face;
2. He waits for thee in pa-tient love, To bring thee bless-ings from a-bove;
3. He waits for thee, yet time grows late, Not ev-er thus will Je-sus wait;

With wound-ed brow and nail-scarred hands, The Sav-iour on the thresh-old stands.
And o'er thy hard-enèd heart doth yearn; O caust thou still thy Sav-iour spurn.
Re-ceive Him, ere He pleads no more, And Christ, re-ject-ed, leaves the door.

CHORUS.

He waits for thee! . . . He waits for thee! . . . Was ever love . . . so full and free?
He waits for thee! He waits for thee! Was ever love so full and free?

No lon-ger close . . . thy heart in sin, . . . But let the lov-ing Saviour in.
No longer close thy heart in sin,

No. 114.

ELVINA M. HALL.

All to Christ I Owe.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say— Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
 2. For noth - ing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim—I'll wash my
 3. When from my dy - ing bed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then "Je - sus
 4. And when be - fore the throne I stand in him complete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.
 garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb. } Je - sus paid it all!
 paid it all!" Shall rend the vault-ed skies. }
 tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

All to him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

No. 115.

R. E. HUDSON.

I'll Live for Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 2. I now be - lieve thou dost re - ceive, For thou hast died that I might live;
 3. O thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

D. C. Chorus.

O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
 I con - se - crate my life to thee, My Sav - iour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav - iour and my God!

No. 116. Why Don't You Come to Jesus?

JOSEPH HART.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; Je - sus
2. Now, ye needy, come and wel - come, God's free bounty glo - ri - fy; True be -
3. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fitness fondly dream; All the
4. Come, ye weary, heavy la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall; If you
5. Ag - o - niz-ing in the gar - den, Your Redeemer prostrate lies, On the

p CHORUS.

read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
lief and true re - pent - ance, Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.
fit - ness he re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of him.
tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.
bloody tree be - hold him! Hear him cry before he dies.

Why don't you come to

Jesus, He's waiting to receive you, Why don't you come to Jesus and be saved ? :|| saved ?

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No. 117.

Turn to the Lord.

JOSEPH HART.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

Fine.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore; }
(Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.)
(Other verses above.)

D.C.—Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord has come to reign.

CHORUS.

D.C.

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of his dear name;

No. 118.

J. H. W.

Power in the Blood.

Rev. J. H. WEBER.

1. There is pow'r in the blood, now, to wash your soul, There is pow'r in the blood to keep you whole,
2. There is pow'r in the blood, to make you white, There is pow'r in the blood to keep you right,
3. There is pow'r in the blood, it's a - ton-ing grace, There is pow'r in the blood for all the race,
4. There is pow'r in the blood, plunge beneath its wave, There is pow'r in the blood to keep and save,

There is pow'r in the blood to help you win, There is pow'r in the blood to save from sin.
 There is pow'r in the blood to lead you on, There is pow'r in the blood of God's dear Son.
 There is pow'r in the blood, just look on high, There is pow'r in the blood, 'tis drawing nigh.
 There is pow'r in the blood be firm and true, There is pow'r in the blood to help, yes, you.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to the blood! Glo - ry to the blood that was shed on Cal - va - ry; It will

Repeat ad lib.

keep you in the way, and will nev - er let you stray, There is pow'r in the blood.

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No. 119.

A. W. S.

Answer Us Now.

ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER.

1. Lord, we are pleading, pleading for pow'r, Send it up - on us, send it this hour!
2. Lord, we are pleading, pleading for peace, Sor - rows are pressing, cares nev - er cease;
3. Lord, to the sin - ner far from the fold, Lost in the darkness, hun - gry and cold,
4. Lord, for thy child that's gone far a - stray, Charmed by the world, but starving to - day,

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Answer Us Now.—Concluded.

rit.

While we are wait-ing, Spir-it, for Thee, Grant us Thy bless-ing, an-swer our plea.
 Hearts, heavy-lad-en, burdened with grief, Longing for com-fort, send them re-lief.
 Wea-ry of wand-ring, sick of his sin, O-pen the door and bid him come in.
 Far from his Fa-ther tempted to roam, Bring him, O Spir-it, back to his home.

CHORUS.

Answer us now, Lord, an-swer us now; Lord, we are wait-ing, an-swer us now.

No. 120.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.
SOLO.

I Surrender All.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free-ly give;
 I will ev-er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai-ly live.
 2. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Hum-bly at His feet I bow,
 World-ly pleas-ure all for-sak-en, Take me, Je-sus, take me now.
 3. { All to Je-sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav-iour, whol-ly Thine;
 Let me feel the Ho-ly Spir-it, Tru-ly know that Thou art mine.

CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all; I sur-ren-der all;

All to Thee my bless-ed Sav-iour, I sur-ren-der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Lord, I give myself to Thee;
 Fill me with Thy love and power,
 Let Thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Now I feel the sacred flame;
 O the joy of full salvation!
 Glory, glory to His name.

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INVITATION.

No. 121.

IRVIN H. MACK.

Decide for Jesus.

ARTHUR WILTON.

There comes to us the still, small voice, "Give me your heart to day,"
 His ways are paths of love and peace, The end is joy and light.
 Re - turn tho' far you are a - stray, Your foot - steps turn to "home."
 But sweet the life our Sav - iour gives, It lasts e - ter - nal - ly,

CHORUS.

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No. 122.

J. H. S.

Only Trust Him.

J. H. STOCKTON.

INVITATION.

Only Trust Him.—Concluded.

And he will sure - ly give you rest By trust - ing in his word.
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
 Be - lieve in him with-out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHORUS.

{ *On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now;
 { He will save you, he will save you, He will (Omit.....) save you now.

* The words "Come to Jesus" may be used for chorus instead of "Only Trust him."

No. 123.

Take Me As I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un - less thou help me I must die;
 2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
 3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;
 4. If thou hast work for me to do, In-spire my will, my heart re - new,

FINE.

O bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh And take me as I am!
 And thou can't make me what thou wilt But take me as I am!
 But since to thee I can - not move O take me as I am!
 And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!

D.S.—bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
 CHORUS.

Take me as I am,..... Take me as I am;.....
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

No. 124.

R. O. SMITH. ARR.

Keep On Praying.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Tho' the foes of right oppress, Keep on praying; God is ev - er near to bless,
2. Christian, has your faith grown weak? Keep on praying; Do the tears roll down your cheek?
3. Pilgrim, have you weary grown? Keep on praying; God is yet up - on his throne,
4. Praises shall with pray'rs ascend, Keep on praying; Pray and praise till life shall end,

Keep on praying. Let not fear your heart ap - pall, Naught of e - vil can be - fall,
 Keep on praying. Soon you nev-er-more will sigh, Tears no more shall dim your eye,
 Keep on praying. He will hear your faithful cry, He to help is ev - er nigh,
 Keep on praying. Till you reach the golden gate, Where the ransomed souls await,

CHORUS.

Stronger is your God than all, Keep on praying.
 Pray to him who's ev - er nigh, Keep on praying. } Keep on praying,
 You shall con - quer by and by, Keep on praying.
 Claiming there your triumph great, Keep on praying.

Keep on pray - ing; You shall conquer by and by, Keep on pray - ing.

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No. 125.

JOSEPH SWAIN.

O Thou in Whose Presence.

TUNE, MEDITATION.

1. O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in af - flition I call,
2. Where dost thou, dear shepherd, resort with thy sheep, To feed them in pastures of love?
3. He looks! and ten thousands of an - gels rejoice, And myr - i - ads wait for his word;
4. Dear Shepherd, I hear, and will fol - low thy call; I know the sweet sound of thy voice;

INVITATION O Thou in Whose Presence.—Concluded.



My com-fort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all !
 Say, why in the val-ley of death should I weep, Or a-lone in this wil-der-ness rove?
 He speaks! and e-ter-ni-ty, fill'd with his voice, Re-ech-oes the praise of the Lord.
 Re-store and de-fend me, for thou art my all, And in thee I will ev-er re-joice.

No. 126. "I'll Be Saved, But Not To-night."

R. M. H.

Mrs. R. M. HOWELLS.



1. Will your heart be crush'd with sor-row, Will your bit-ter tears be shed,
 2. In the store-house you have plen-ty, Too much wealth to think of God;
 3. O what no-ble chance, dear sin-ner, You're re-ceiv-ing here to-night;



By your spurn-ing of God's mer-cy, When his Spir-it's from you fled?
 You have sought com-pa-nions e-vil, You've re-fused to read his Word.
 You, who've oft-en heard the warn-ing And who've said, "I can't to-night."



O the sor-row, O the weep-ing, O that bit-ter, bit-ter blight.
 What if midst the joys and treas-ures, When your sins have gain'd their height.
 O re-mem-ber, God is watch-ing, Who to-night will choose a-right?



D. S.—"Give me just a lit-tle lon-ger, For the world seems, O, so bright;



You've re-fused his blest sal-va-tion; You'd be saved, but not to-night.
 God takes time to send his an-gel And you're brought to judgment light?
 Be not lost, per-haps for-ev-er, Just by say-ing, "Not to-night."



I'll be saved when I am dy-ing, I'll be saved, but not to-night."

Does Jesus Care?

Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for mirth or song;
2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear?
3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp-ta - tion strong;
4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear-est on earth to me,

As the bur - dens press, And the cares dis-tress, And the way grows wea- ry and long?
 As the day- lightfades In-to deep nightshades, Does he care e - nough to be near?
 When for my deep grief I find no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
 And my sad heartaches Till it near - ly breaks Is it taught to him? Does he see?

CHORUS.

O yes, he cares; I know he cares, His heart is touched with my grief;

ad lib.

rit.

When the days are wea-ry, The long nights dreary, I know my Sa - viour cares.

he cares.

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No 129

How firm A foundation.

G. KEITH.

M. PORTOGALLO.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! What more can he say than to
2. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
3. When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow; For I will be with thee thy
4. The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose, I will not—I will not desert to his foes; That soul—tho' all hell should en-

How Firm a Foundation.—Concluded.

you he hath said,— To you, who for refuge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for refuge to Je-sus have fled?
 cause thee to stand Up - held by my gracious, omnipotent hand, Up-held by my gracious om-nip-o-tent hand,
 trou-ble to bless, And sancti-fy to thee thy deepest distress, And sancti-fy to thee thy deepest distress.
 deav-er to shake I'll never—no never—no nev-er for-sakē! I'll never—no never—no nev-er for-sakē!

No. 129.

Look for Me.

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When you get to heav-en, as you sure - ly will, If the Sav-iour's name you own,
 2. When you roam with friends across the heav'ly fields, Ev - er find - ing treas - ures new;
 3. When you hear them singing round the great white throne, Songs of praise un-to the Lamb;
 4. When you kneel in wor-ship to the King of Kings, Who has saved you by his grace;

Af - ter you have greeted those you love the best, who are standing round the throne—
 When you stand in rapture on some star - ry height, Gazing on some glo-rious view—
 When you hear the ransomed, with their harps of gold, Shouting "Glory to his name!"
 When you see that Saviour who has brought you there, And with joy be-hold his face—
 Hallelujah!

CHORUS.

You may look for me, for I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!
 I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there!

You may look for me, for I'll be there! Glo-ry to his name!
 I'll be there! precious name!

No. 130.

I Belong to the King.

IDA L. REED.

SOLO OR DUET.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. I belong to the King, I'm a child of his love, I shall dwell in his
2. I belong to the King, and he loves me I know, For his mer - cy and
3. I belong to the King, and his promise is sure, That we all shall be

pal - ace so fair; For he tells of its bliss in yon heaven a - bove, And his
kindness, so free, Are un - ceas - ing - ly mine, wher - so - ev - er I go, And my
gathered at last In his kingdom a - bove, by life's wa - ters so pure, When this

CHORUS.

chil - dren its splendors shall share. } ref - use un - fail - ing is he. } I be - long to the King, I'm a
life with its tri - als is past. }

child of his love, And he nev - er for - sak - eth his own; He will call me some

day to his pal - ace a - bove, I shall dwell by his glo - ri - fied throne.

His Way with Thee.

No. 131.

C. S. N.

Psalm 37: 5.

REV. CYRUS S. NUSSBAUM.

1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al - ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have him make you free, and fol - low at his call? Would you know the
3. Would you in his kingdom find a place of con - stant rest? Would you prove him

him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have him bear your bur - den,
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have him save you, so that
true in prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in his ser - vice la - bor

CHORUS.

car - ry all your load? Let him have his way with thee. }
you need nev - er fall? Let him have his way with thee. } His pow'r can make you what you
al - ways at your best? Let him have his way with thee. }

ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can

fill your soul, and you will see, 'Twas best for him to have his way with thee.

No. 132. What are You Doing for Jesus?

EMILY P. MILLER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. What are you doing for Je - sus, As you journey thro' life? Sow-ing the grain for the
 2. What are you doing for Je - sus? Are you striving each day, By lit-tle acts of
 3. What are you doing for Je - sus As the days go by? Tell-ing the lone and the
 4. What are you doing for Je - sus? Soon comes setting of sun; Hast-en and tell the glad

CHORUS.

har - vest, Or scatter-ing seeds of strife? What are you do - ing,
 kind - ness, To bright - en some-one's way? }
 wea - ry, Of rest be - yond the sky? }
 tid - ings, Lest you leave some work un - done. What are you doing for Je-sus your Friend?

Do - ing for Je - sus? What are you do - ing,
 What are you do - ing for Je-sus to-day? What are you do - ing for Jesus your Friend?

As the days go by?..... What are you do - ing, Do - ing for
 days go by? What are you doing for Je-sus your Friend? What are you doing for

Je - sus? What are you do - ing, As the days go by?.....
 Je-sus to-day? What are you doing for Je-sus your Friend, days go by?

No. 133.

Tarry With Me.

C. A. M.

Slowly.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



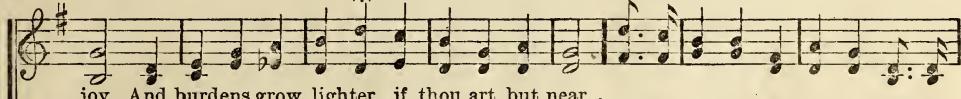
1. Tarry with me, my Sa-viour, When the morn breaks to view, When the du - ties be -
2. Tarry with me, my Sa-viour, And a-bide as the morn Press- es on in - to
3. Tarry with me, my Sa-viour, When the lights grow more dim And I grope in the
4. Tarry with me, my Sa-viour, When the threshold I cross Of that heav-en - ly



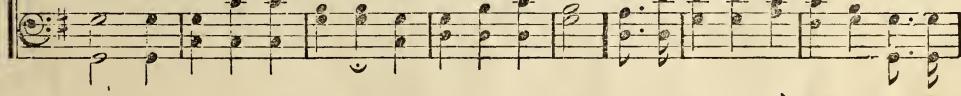
fore me as a bur-den ap - pear; For each du - ty is pleasure, and each task is a noon-day with my la - bors not done; Tarry with me, when wea-ry, and the bur-den grows dark-ness tho' the sun still shines bright; When these eyes close for-ev-er on the scenes I have man-sion, there forev - er to stay They may question my ti - tie, but with thee at my



CHORUS.



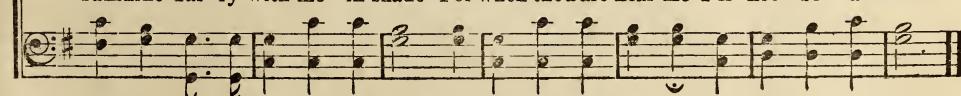
joy, And burdens grow lighter, if thou art but near. light, For when thou art with me, two la - bor as one. } loved They'll open, be-hold-ing thy face with de-light. } Tarry with me, my Saviour, Tarry side I'll cry: "Here's my Saviour! Ask him if I may!"



with me I pray, I need thee, greatly need thee each step of the way. Tarry with me in



sunshine Tarry with me in shade For when thou art near me I'll not be a - fraid.



No. 134.

C. W. D.

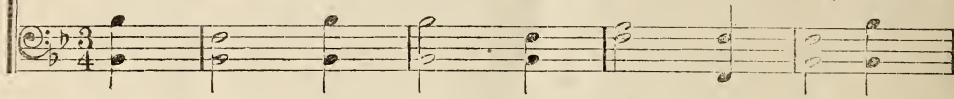
Mother's Religion.

CHAS. W. DRISKELL.

SOLO OR DUET.



1. I was young, but I re-mem-ber; as I sat at mother's knee, How she
 2. Years have pass'd since mother's spir - it winged its flight to yon bright shore, I have
 3. When the shad - ows gath - er round me, at the clos - ing of life's day, Then the



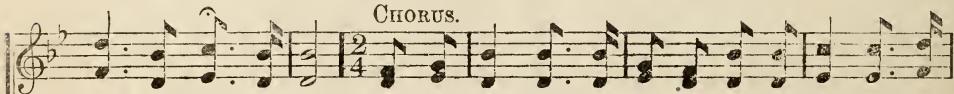
taught me from the Bi - ble, of Christ who died for me, She said, my boy, trust
 tast - ed life's pure fountain, am saved for ev - er-more, When-e'er I meet with
 Old Time Re - lig - ion will be my guide and stay, When I cross death's turbid



Je - sus, his grace will set you free, Seek the Old Time Re - lig - ion, For 'tis
 tri - als, I now each day can see That the Old Time Re - lig - ion, Still is
 riv - er my Saviour's face I see Then the Old Time Re - lig - ion Will be



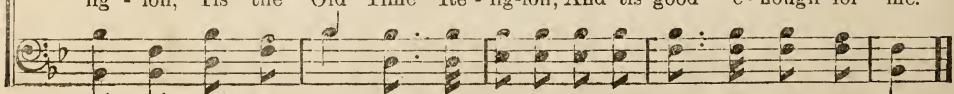
CHORUS.



good e - nough for me. 'Tis the Old Time Re - lig - ion, 'tis the Old Time Re -



lig - ion, 'Tis the Old Time Re - lig - ion; And 'tis good e - nough for me.



No. 135.

Do You Know Him?

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Do you know my Sav-iour as I know him? He has spok-en peace to me.
 2. Do you love my Sav-iour as I love him? Love him bet-ter, for 'tis he
 3. Do you serve my Sav-iour as I serve him? Serve him bet-ter while you may,
 4. I shall know him bet-ter o-ver yon-der, Tho' I can-not love him more:

And I find his fel-low-ship so bless-ed That I'd nev-er from it be free.
 Who be-fore God's throne is in-ter- ced-ing By his purchase on Cal - va - ry.
 Ere the time that's giv-en here for serv-ing Shall for-ev-er have pass'd a-way.
 But thro' all e - ter-ni-ty I'll praise him, That the sor-rows of earth are o'er.

CHORUS.

Do you know him? Do you know him? And the
 Do you know him? Do you know him?

joy his for-give-ness as-sures? Do you know him? Do you
 Do you know him? Do you know him?

know him? He's my Sav-iour and would be yours.
 Do you know him?

No. 136.

S. C. KIRK.

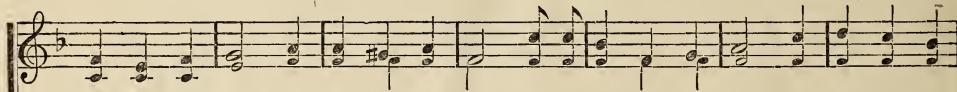
Looking Beyond.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

SOPRANO AND TENOR DUET. FOR QUARTET, USE SMALL NOTES.



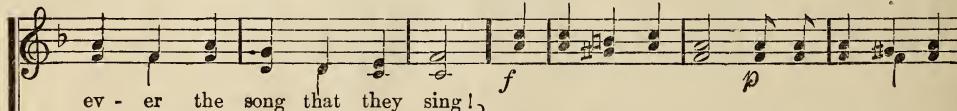
1. I'm look - ing be - yond to the cit - y of light Whose gates nev - er close, where there
 2. I'm look - ing be - yond to the land of the blest Where earth's weary ones are for -
 3. I'm look - ing be - yond, o'er the white crys - tal sea, Where loved ones now stand and are
 4. I'm look - ing be - yond, where the race has been run; Earth's cross - es are lost and a
 5. I'm look - ing be - yond to the cit - y where he A man - sion in glo - ry is



nev - er is night; Where songs nev - er cease and where praise to the King Is ev - er and
 ev - er at rest; I see the great host of the white-rob - ed throng! I hear the glad
 wait-ing for me; In mel - o - dy sweet, I can hear them pro - long The strains of the
 crown has been won. Al - read - y a host of the con - quer - ing throng Are swell-ing the
 keep-ing for me! I'm look - ing be - yond to the day when my soul Shall join in the

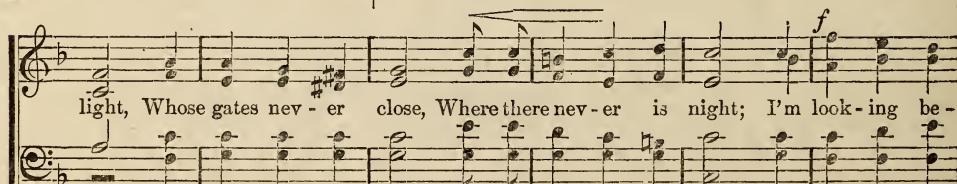
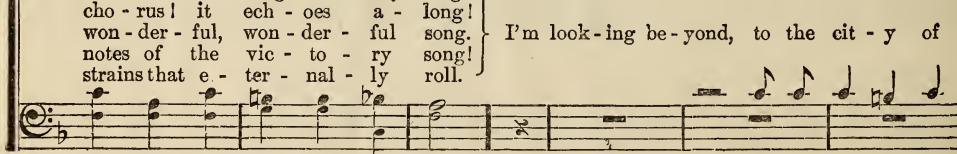


CHORUS.

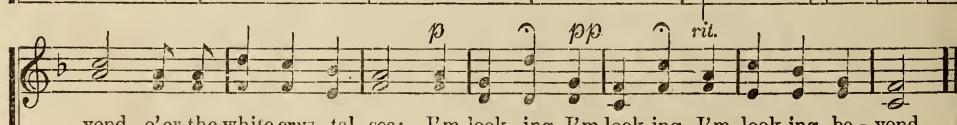


ev - er the song that they sing!
 cho - rus! it ech - oes a - long!
 won - der - ful, won - der - ful song.
 notes of the vic - to - ry song!
 strains that e - ter - nal - ly roll.

I'm look - ing be - yond, to the cit - y of



light, Whose gates nev - er close, Where there nev - er is night; I'm look - ing be -



yond, o'er the white crys - tal sea; I'm look - ing, I'm look - ing, I'm look - ing be - yond.



No. 137.

I Know I'll Be Satisfied.

J. B. M.

J. B. MACKAY.

1. When I stand, with my Lord, In the land of the blest, Where no shad - ow his
2. Oft I try to conceive What the glo - ry can be That a - waits me, far
3. When be - fore him at last, Pur - i - fied, I shall stand, Thro' the blood of the

glo - ry can hide; When I see for myself What shall there be revealed, Then, I
o - ver the tide; But I'll wait for the day He re - veals it to me, And I
Lamb cru - ci - fied, And his own bless - ed voice Bids me en - ter his joy, O I

CHORUS.

know I'll be sat - is - fied. Sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied, I

sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied,

know I'll be ful - ly sat - is - fied; When mine eyes shall be -
sat - is - fied;

hold All the won - ders un - told, I know I'll be sat - is - fied.

sat - is - fied.

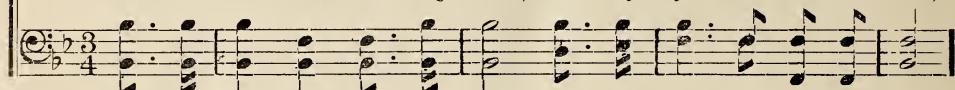
No. 138. Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPPLADY.

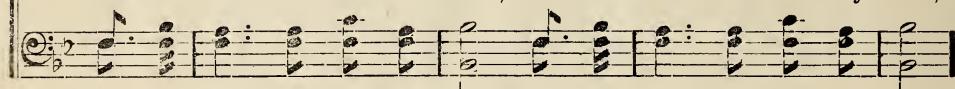
THOMAS HASTINGS.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood From thy wound - ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold thee on thy throne,



Be of sin the dou ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring; Sim - ply to thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.



No. 139. Abide With Me!

HENRY F. LYTE.

WILLIAM H. MONK.



1. A- bide with me! fast falls the e - ven-tide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me a - bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness;
5. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the skies;



Abide With Me!—Concluded.



When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me!
Change and de-cay in all a-round I see; O thou, who changest not, a-bide with me!
Who, like thy-self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a-bide with me!
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic-to-ry? I triumph still, if thou a-bide with me.
Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!



No. 140. Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

CHARLES WESLEY.

JOHN ZUNDEL.



1. Love di-vine, all love ex - cell - ing. Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us thy
2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving spir - it In to ev'-ry trou-bled breast! Let us all in
3. Come, Almighty to de - liv - er, Let us all thy life re - ceive; Sud-den - ly re -
4. Fin - ish, then, thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spotless let us be; Let us see thy



hum - ble dwell-ing; All thy faithful mer-ecies crown. Je-sus, thou art all com - pas - sion, thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest. Take a - way our bent to sin - ning, turn, and nev - er, Nev-er-more thy tem - ples leave; Thee we would be al - ways bless-ing, great sal - va - tion Per-fect-ly re - stored in thee. Chang'd from glo-ry in to glo - ry,



Pure, unbounded love thou art; Vis - it us with thy sal - va-tion; Enter ev'ry trembling heart. Al - pha and O - me - ga be; End of faith, as its be - ginn-ing, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty. Serve thee as thy hosts a - bove, Pray and praise thee without ceasing. Glory in thy per-fect love. Till in heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.



No. 141.

ROBERT GRANT.

O Worship the King.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. O, wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate - ful - ly
 2. O tell of his might, and sing of his grace, Whose robe is the
 3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
 4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In thee do we

sing his won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
 light, whose can - o - py, space; His char - iots of wrath the deep
 air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de
 trust, nor find thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how

An - cient of Days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
 thun - der - clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
 scends to the plain, And sweet - ly dis - tilts in the dew and the rain.
 firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

No. 142.

JOHN KEBLE.

Sun of My Soul.

PETER RITTER. Arr. by WILLIAM H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if thou be near.
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wear - ied eye - lids gen - ly steep.
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out thee I can - not live.
 4. Watch by the sick; en - rich the poor With blessings from thy boundless store.
 5. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take.

Sun of My Soul.—Concluded.

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy serv - ant's yes.
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast.
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out thee I dare not die.
Be ev - 'ry mourn - er's sleep to - night, Like in - fant slum - bers pure and light.
Till, in the o - cean of thy love, We lose our-selves in heav'n a - bove.

No. 143. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

REGINALD HEBER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand; Where Af - ric's
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's ist - : The' ev - 'ry
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high, Shall we to
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a

sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their golden sand: From many an an - cient riv - er, From
pros - pect plea - ses, And on - ly man is vile? In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The
men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The
sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole: Till o'er our ransom'd na - ture The

many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
gifts of God are strown; The heathen in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
Joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Messi - ah's name.
Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

FELICE GIARDINI.

1. Come, thou al - might-y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Fa-ther all -
2. Come, thou In-car-nate Word, Gird on thy migh - y sword, Our pray'r at-tend; Come, and thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort-er, Thy sacred wit - ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who al -
4. To thee, great One in Three, E - ter-nal glo - ry be, Hence, ev - er - more: Thy sov'reign

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.
peo-ple bless, And give thy word success; Spir - it of ho - li-ness, On us de-scend!
mighty art, Now rule in ev 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r!
ma-jes-ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

No. 145

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me!

EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - ous sea!
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

D.C.—Chart and com - pass come from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
D.C.—Won-drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me!
D.C.—May I hear thee say to me: "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal:
Boist - 'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast.

No. 146. Happy Day.

(Key G.)

1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.—CHO.

CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.—CHO.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am the Lord's and He is mine;
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.—CHO.

P. Doddridge.

No. 147. All Hail the Power.

MILES' LANE. (Key Bb.)
CORONATION. (Key G.)

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet.

No. 148. Just As I Am.

(Key Eb.)

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am— poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee I find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am— Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am— Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

No. 149. There is a Fountain.

(Key G.)

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
I: And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains. :|

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
I: And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away. :|

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
I: Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more. :|

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
I: Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die. :|

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
I: When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave. :|

William Cowper.

No. 150. Revive Us Again.

(Key G.)

1 We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.—CHO.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Hallelujah! Amen;
Hallelujah! Thine the glory,
Revive us again.

2 We praise Thee, O God, for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shewn us our Saviour and scattered our
night.—CHO.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed every
stain.—CHO.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has brought us, and sought us, and guided our
ways.—CHO.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from
above.—CHO.

Wm. P. Mackay.

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The Men of Every Nation for the Man of Galilee

REV. O. J. RANDALL.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. The call of God is clear to-day; it soundeth loud and long,
2. Hark, O ye men! the bat-tle's on; march—march in - to the fray
3. The fight is 'gainst the hosts of sin, whose hay - oc we have seen;
4. We hear thy call, thou Mas- ter true; and quick our hearts re - ply:

In clar - ion tones, a - round the world, to all men brave and strong. Just
With Christ the might - y Cap - tain, who tri - umph - ant leads the way; The
The strug - gle is to con - quer self, to live both straight and clean; And
We'll fol - low thee, O Je - sus, e'en to do or dare or die; Give

now we hear it ring-ing out from far - cross the sea:
call's to all who'll fol - low him whose pow-er maketh free - } The Men of every
then our tempted brothers help, that they with us may be
us the strength thy will to do—grant us thy face to see.

CHORUS.

Nation for the Man of Gal - i - lee! The Man of Gal - i - lee, the

Man of Gal - i - lee; The men of every Nation for the Man of Gal - i - lee!

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